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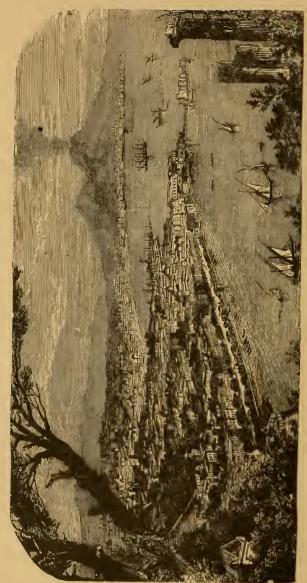




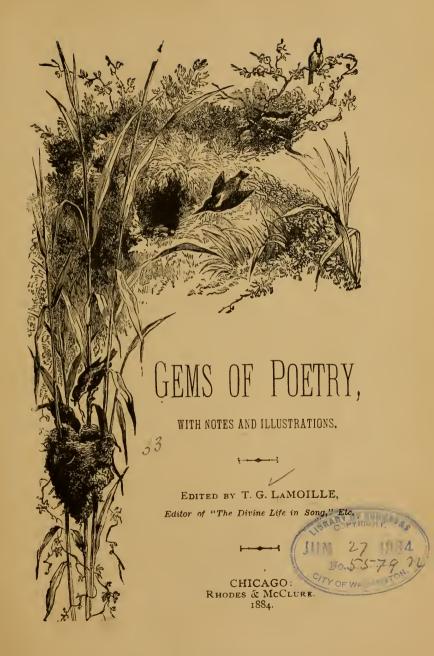








BAY OF NAPLES



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THE POET'S STAR-TUNED HARP TO SWEEP.

E. B. Browning.

THERE ARE IN THIS LOUD STUNNING TIDE

OF HUMAN CARE AND CRIME,

WITH WHOM THE MELCDIES ABIDE

OF THE EVERLASTING CHIME;

WHO CARRY MUSIC IN THEIR HEART

THROUGH DUSKY LANE AND WRANGLING MART,

PLYING THEIR DAILY TOIL WITH BUSIER FEET,

BECAUSE THEIR SECRET SOULS A HOLY STRAIN REPEAT.

J. Keble.





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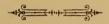
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GEMS OF POETRY.

THE POET'S SONG.

A. TENNYSON.

HE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,

He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody low and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,

The snake slipt under a spray,

The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,

And stared with his foot on the prey,

And the nightingale thought, "I have sung

many songs,

But never a one so gay,

For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."





THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart who stood,

While he sat on a corn-sheaf at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that Danish boy's whistle was mine."

- "And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said, While an arch smile played over her beautiful face,
- "I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid Would fly to my side and there take her place."
- "Is that all you wish for? That may be yours Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
- "A favor so light, one's good nature secures,"
 And she playfully seated herself by his side.
- "I would blow it again," said the youth, "and a charm Would work so that not even modesty's cheek Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm!"

 She smiled as she laid her fair arm 'round his neck.
- "Yet once more would I blow, and the magic divine
 Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss—
 You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
 And your lips stealing past would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with a whistle you'd make;
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for—what you might take."



THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

MRS. NORTON.

ORD was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed! (Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank:
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the King rode first,
For his rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one; (Hurry!)

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone; His little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying! The king looked back at that faithful child; Wan was the face that answering smiled; They passed the drawbridge with clattering din, Then he dropped; and only the King rode in Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn; (Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn An echo returned on the cold gray morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;

None welcomed the King from that weary ride;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,

Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest, Stood weary.

The King returned from her chamber of rest, The thick sobs choking in his breast;

And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"







"On thy fair bosom, waveless stream."



TO SENECA LAKE.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

N thy fair bosom, silver lake,

The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view

Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue

Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er!

23



THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

H. BONAR.

N the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand; Let not the music that is in us die! Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let, Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!

Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become

Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!





TWO VIEWS OF LIVING.

My life is in the sere and yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is lighted at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

-Lord Byron.

Life! I know not what thou art, But know that thou and I must part; And when, or how, or where we met, I own to me's a secret yet.

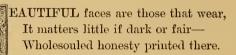
Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

-Mrs. Burbauld.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.



Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where hearthfires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro, Down lowliest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care, With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless, Silent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountains but few can guess. Beautiful twilight, at set of sun; Beautiful goal, with race well run; Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep, Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep Over worn-out hands; oh, beautiful sleep!





AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

L. HUNT.



OW sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have

Been dead indeed,—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths, angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.





THE ROSE.

E. WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time on me,

That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,

How sweet and fair she seems to be.



Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

(A lady of Cambridge, England, loaned Waller's poems to H. K. White, who added the following stanza to the above poem; thus illustrating the difference between earthly and heavenly inspiration:)

"Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That goodness Time's rude hand defies;
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies."





MAIDEN AND BUTTERFLY.

Within the sun-flecked shadows of a forest glade, Seeking for wildwood flowers, a little maid Sang to her happy heart, as to and fro She wandered 'mid the swaying grasses low; When suddenly a brilliant butterfly Flashed, like a jewel in the sunshine, by And, darting swiftly now that way, now this, Alighted on her lips and stole a kiss.

"Forgive me, sweet!" he cried. "I swear to you,
I only meant to spy a drop of dew
From out the fragrant chalice of these roses bright,
But, hovering undecided where to 'light,
I saw your lily-face uplifted here,
And thought your red, red lips were rosebuds, dear!"

Tossing her sunny curls, she raised her head, As, with an air of queenly grace, she said:

"This once I will forgive; but, pray, beware

How often you mistake for blossoms rare A maiden's lips!" She watched him flutter near. "To think mine, roses, you are welcome, dear. But," with a merry glance, half arch, half shy, "They do not bloom for every butterfly!"

"TIRED."

"Tired!" Oh yes! so tired, dear.
The day has been very long;
But shadowy gloaming draweth near,
'Tis time for the even song,
I'm ready to go to rest at last,
Ready to say "Good night:"
The sunset glory darkens fast,
To-morrow will bring me light.

It has seemed so long since morning-tide,
And I have been left so lone,
Young smiling faces thronged my side,
When the early sunlight shone;
But they grew tired long ago,
And I saw them sink to rest,
With folded hands and brows of snow,
On the green earth's mother-breast.

Sing once again, "Abide with me,"
That sweetest evening hymn;
And now "Good night!" I cannot see,
The light has grown so dim;
"Tired!" Ah, yes, so tired, dear,
I shall soundly sleep to-night,
With never a dream, and never a fear
To wake in the morning light.



UNHEEDED PSALMS.

God hath His solitudes, unpeopled yet,
Save by the peaceful life of bird and flower,
Where, since the world's foundation, He hath set
The hiding of His power.

Year after year His rains make fresh and green Lone wastes of prairies, where, as daylight goes, Legions of bright-hued blossoms all unseen Their carven petals close.

Year after year unnumbered forest leaves
Expand and darken to their perfect prime;
Each smallest growth its destiny achieves
In His appointed time.

Amid the strong recesses of the hills, Fixed by His word, immutable and calm, The murmuring river all the silence fills With its unheeded psalm.

From deep to deep the floods lift up their voice,
Because His hand hath measured them of old;
The far outgoings of the morn rejoice
His wonders to unfold.

33

3

The smallest cloudlet wrecked in distant storms,

That wanders homeless through the summer
skies,

Is reckoned in His purposes, and forms One of His argosies.

Where the perpetual mountains patient wait, Girded with purity before His throne, Keeping from age to age inviolate Their everlasting crown;

Where the long-gathering waves of ocean break With ceaseless music o'er untrodden strands, From isles that day by day in silence wake, From earth's remotest lands.

The anthem of His praise shall uttered be; All works created on His name shall call, And laud, and bless His holy name, for He Hath pleasure in them all.





LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path Thyself hast trod,

Lead, Savior, lead me home in childlike faith, Home to my God,

To rest forever after earthly strife,

In the calm light of everlasting life.



THE TWO AGES.

H. S. LEIGH.

Folks were happy as days were long,
In the old Arcadian times:
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old:
So they couple the crook of the Golden Age
With a hook in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting guage
Of their musical art, we're told:

And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble hall —
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawl,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Telephones, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And in spite of Lempriere's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.





WEARY, LONELY, RESTLESS, HOMELESS.

FATHER RYAN.

Weary hearts! weary hearts! by cares of life oppressed, Ye are wandering in the shadows, ye are sighing for the rest:

There is darkness in the heavens, and the earth is bleak below,

And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe. Weary hearts! God is rest.

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! 'tis but a land of grief; Ye are pining for repose, ye are longing for relief;

What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God above,

And your grief shall turn to gladness if you lean upon His love.

Lonely hearts! God is love.

Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling night and day,

And the flowers of life, all withered, leave but thorns along your way;

Ye are waiting, ye are waiting till your toilings here shall cease,

And your ever-restless throbbing is a sad, sad prayer for peace.

Restless hearts! God is peace.

Broken hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone,
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan;
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy,
And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your
joy.

Broken hearts! God is joy.

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,

Ye are lonely, lonely wanderers, and your way is wet with tears:

In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,

Ye look away from earthland, and ye murmur, "Where is Home?"

Homeless hearts! God is home.





A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A. CUNNINGHAM.



WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on our lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!

I heard a fair one cry;

But give to me the swelling breeze,

And white waves heaving high,—

The white waves heaving high, my lads,

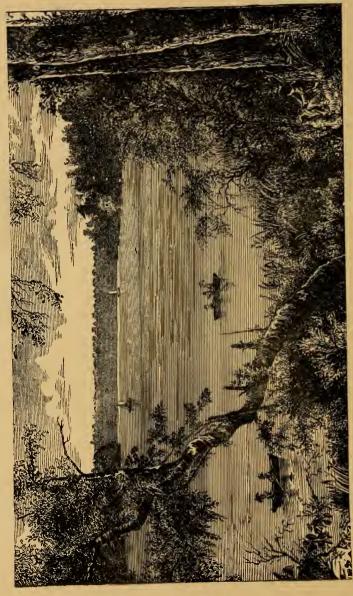
The good ship tight and free;

The world of waters is our home,

And merry men are we.

There's a tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark! the music, mariners,
The wind is wak'ning loud,—
The wind is wak'ning loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free;
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.







A PETITION TO TIME.

B. CORNWALL.

Touch us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three,—
(One is lost,-an angel fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings; Our ambition, our content,

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;

Touch us gently, gentle Time!





THE TOUCHES OF HER HANDS.

J. W. RILEY.

HE touches of her hands are like the fall
Of velvet snowflakes; like the touch of down
The peach just brushes 'gainst the garden wall;
The flossy fondlings of the thistle-wisp
Caught in the crinkle of a leaf of brown
The blighting frost has turned from green to
crisp.

Soft as the falling of the dusk at night,
The touches of her hands, and the delight—
The touches of her hands!
The touches of her hands are like the dew
That falls so softly down no one e'er knew
The touch thereof save to lovers like to one
Astray in lights where ranged Endymion.

Oh, rarely soft, the touches of her hands, As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands;

Or pulse of dying fay; or fairy sighs; Or—in between the midnight and the dawn, When long unrest and tears and fears are gone— Sleep, smoothing down the lids of weary eyes.



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

T. CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

"Behold, I commit my daughter unto thee of special trust."

Precious and lovely, I yield her to thee! Take her, the gem of thy dwelling to be! She who was ever my solace and pride Glides from my bosom to cling to thy side.

Guard her with care, which must never decline; Make her thy day-star—she long hath been mine; Lonely henceforth is my desolate lot, What is the casket where the jewel is not?

Take her and pray that thine arm may be strong, Safely to shield her from danger and wrong, Be to her all that her heart hath portrayed, Then o'er thy path there will gather no shade.

Now she doth love thee as one without spot— Dreams of no sorrow to darken her lot— Joyful, yet tearful, I yield her to thee; Take her, the light of thy dwelling to be!





THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

There is many a rest on the road of life,

If we only would stop to take it;

And many a tone from the better land,

If the querulous heart would wake it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,

And whose beautiful trust never faileth,

The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,

Though the Wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is just before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.





COMFORT.

If there should come a time as well there may,
When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,
And thou dost come to me for help, and stay,
And comfort—how shall I perform my part?
How shall I make my heart a resting-place,
A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite?
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,
And dry thy tears in bitter woes' despite?
How shall I win strength to keep my voice,
Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,
Nor mar the counsel of mine own heart-throbs?
Love, my love, teaches me a certain way,
So, if the dark hour comes, I am thy stay.

I must live higher, nearest the reach
Of angels in their blessed truthfulness,
Learn their usefulness, ere I can teach
Content to thee whom I would greatly bless.
Ah, me! what woe were mine if thou should'st come,
Troubled, but trusting unto me for aid,
And I should meet thee, powerless and dumb,
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid?
It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,
God helping me, to higher lite, and gain

Courage and strength to thee counsel wise,
And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.

Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be
The dearest bond between my heart and thee





LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

MARY H. KROUT.

[The following poem, written by Mary H. Krour, of Crawfordsville, Ind., ten years ago, when its author was in her thirteenth year, is one of the most beautiful and expressive ever penned in the English language, and should find a place throughout the length and breadth of America wherever the dignity of labor is recognized:]

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,
That is yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,

They gather the elder bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,

And build tiny castles of sand:

They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
Where the Oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great:
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.







"No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

HE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,

The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening care; No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile, The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud! impute to these the fault,

If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted

vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

Or waked to eestasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll; Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood, Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd.
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply, And many a holy text around she strews, That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead, Dost in these lines their artless tale relate, If chance, by lonely Contemplation lead, Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

- "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic root so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- "Hard by you wood, now smiling as in scorn, Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove; Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn, Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
- "One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill.
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:
- "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway-path we saw him
 borne.
- Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn:"

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.





SOMETIME.

MRS MAY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here had spursed,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,

Oh, do not blame the loving Father so.

But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand—
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"





REST.

[The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina. We have never, we believe, seen verses more true and touching. They are a new and perfect expression of world-wide feeling:]

I lay me down to sleep, with little thought of care, Whether waking find me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head, that only asks to rest, Unquestioning, upon a loving breast.

My good right hand forgets its cunning now; To march the weary march I know not how.

I am not eager, bold, nor strong—all that is past, I'm readynow to die, at last, at last.

My half day's work is done, and this is all my part: I give a patient God my patient heart,

And grasp his banner still, though all its blue be dim These stripes, no less than stars, lead after Him.





THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

FATHER RYAN.

WALK down the Valley of Silence
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices,
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises,
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places,
Where I met but the human and sin.

And still I pined for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true,
I sought mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of the blue;
I wept as the clouds of the world veiled
Even that glimpse from my view.

I toiled on heart-tired of the human, I moaned mid the mazes of men, Till I knelt, long ago, at an Altar,And heard a Voice call me; since thenI walk down the Valley of Silence,That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?

'Tis my trysting place with the Divine.

When I fell at the feet of the Holy,

And about me the Voice said, "Be Mine,"

There arose from the depths of my spirit,

An echo, "My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray:
But my tears are as sweet as the dew drops,
That fall on the roses of May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censer
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the deluge,
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far out on the deep there are billows,
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence,
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen forms in the Valley,
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred:
And they wear holy veils on their faces,

Their footsteps can scarcely be heard They pass through the Valley like virgins, Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley, Ye hearts that are harrowed by care? It lieth afar between Mountains, And God and His angels are there; And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow, The other the bright Mount of Prayer.

"Some time," we say, and turn our eves Toward the far hills of Paradise, Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like in each breast. Some time, some day our eyes shall see The faces kept in memory; Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just over in the morning lands. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph over sin and wrong. Some time, some time, but ah! not yet! Still we will wait and not forget, That "some time all these things shall be, And rest be given to you and me." So let us wait, though years move slow, That glad "some time" will come, we know.



BEYOND.

HENRY BURTON.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice is sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like the flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.



THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

J. W. RILEY.

HE Beautiful City! Forever

Its rapturous praises resound,

And we fain would behold it—but never

A glimpse of its glory is found.

We slacken our lips at the tender

White breasts of our mothers to hear

Of its marvelous beauty and splendor;

We see-—but the gleam of a tear!

Yet never the story may tire us—
First graven in symbols of stone—
Rewritten on scrolls of papyrus,
And parchment, and scattered and blown
By the winds of the tongues of all nations,
Like a litter of leaves wildly whirled
Down the rack of a hundred translations,
From the earliest lisp of the world

We compass the earth and the ocean
From the Orient's uttermost light,
To where the last ripple in motion
Lips hem of the skirt of the night,—
But The Beautiful City evades us—
No spire of it glints in the sun—
No glad-bannered battlement shades us
When all our long journey is done.

Where lies it? We question and listen;
We lean from the mountain, or mast,
And see but dull earth, or the glisten
Of seas inconceivably vast:
The dust of the one blurs our vision—
The glare of the other our brain,
Nor city nor island elysian
In all of the land or the main!

We kneel in dim fanes where the thunders Of organs tumultuous roll,
And the longing heart listens and wonders,
And the eyes look aloft from the soul,
But the chanson grows fainter and fainter,
Swoons wholly away and is dead;
And our eyes only reach where the painter
Has dabbled a saint overhead.

The Beautiful City! O mortal,
Fare hopefully on in thy quest,
Pass down through the green grassy portal
That leads to the valley of rest,
There first passed the One who, in pity
Of all thy great yearning, awaits
To point out the Beautiful City,
And loosen the trump at the gates





EXAMPLE.

J. KEBLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,

And dream we ne'er shall see them more
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

In deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love of brethren dear,
Keep, then, the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in the world their cry
Of woe thou hear.





"No more shall the war-cry sever."



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

F. M. FINCH.



Y the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the scd and the dew,

Under the scd and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,

Those in the gloom of defeat,

All with the battle-blood gory,

In the dusk of eternity meet:—

' Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the Judgment day;—

Under the laurel, the Blue;

Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day;

Under the roses, the Blue, Under the lilies, the Gray

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

OUR OWN.

MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain:
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with a look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late,
To undo the work of morn.



THE CUP BEARER.

EMILIE CLARE.

In olden time there lived a king
For wit and wisdom much renowned—
In feasting and in reveling
He far surpassed all kings around.

Now it so happened, on a time
When the great lords of earth had met,
To feast o'er meats, and fume o'er wine,
It needed still one person yet,—

One all important personage,

To bear the cup with lordly grace;

When lo, a youth of tender age

Said modestly, "I'll take his place."

Well pleased, the king smiles a consent,
The youth the cup and napkin bore,
And gracefully his footsteps bent
To those who knightly honors wore.

"Well done," was passed from lip to lip!
"My son," his father said, "this thing
Was nobly done, yet you to sip
Forgot, before you gave your king."

"Nay, I forgot no custom old,
But coiled within the cup, I saw
A poisonous serpent, fold on fold,
And that was why I shunned the law."

"A serpent, child! and poisonous?—why!—
How can you speak so strange and wild?"
"I saw the poisonous serpent nigh,

"I saw the poisonous serpent nigh, And shunned it." said the timid child.

"Aye! shunned it, for I saw the power
On those who drank but yesterday,
In less by far, than one short hour
Their wit and wisdom fled away.

"Some tried to dance, and some to sing, And some to walk as vainly tried, While you, forgetful you were king, Mounted a broom-stick for a ride."





"I'D MOURN THE HOPES."

TOM MOORE.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
Hadst thou been like them untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And, though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray;

Far better light shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam;
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveler, at first goes out
He feels awhile benighted
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds!





THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

W. H. SPARKS.

[The following note accompanied the copy of the poem found among Colonel Spark's papers, says the Atlanta Constitution: "After an absence of thirty years, I visited my native village, Eatonton, Putnam county, Ga., and sojourned for a week in the hospitable home of my boyhood's friend, Edmund Reid. On Sabbath morning, whilst alone in my bed-room, the old church bell commenced to ring. My heart was touched, and tears flooded my eyes. The tones were familiar as though I had heard them every Sunday during all that lapse of intervening time. With my pencil I wrote these lines in a small memorandum book which I carried in my pocket:"]

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell;
Thy mellow tones I love to hear,
I was a boy, when first they fell
In melody upon mine ear;
In those dear days, long past and gone,
When sporting here in boyish glee,
The magic of thy Sabbath tone
Awoke emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone and I have strayed Out o'er the world, far, far away, But thy dear tones have round me played On every lovely Sabbath day. When strolling o'er the mighty plains,
Spread widely in the unpeopled West,
Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains
Tolling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the rocky mountain crest,
Where Christian feet have never trod,
In the deep bosom of the West
I've thought of thee and worshiped God;
Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again
To hear thy cherished call to prayer,
There's less of pleasure, now, than pain
In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell, ring on!

Once more I've come with whitened head
To hear thee toll. The sounds are gone!

And e'er this Sabbath day has sped,
I shall be gone, and may no more

Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!

Dear church and bell, so loved of yore,

And childhood's happy home, farewell!

-Eutonton, Ga., May 18, 1856.





SAD.

A SHORT TALE IN SHORT WORDS.

W. S. F.

ID you hear that sound of woe,
Ring out on the still night air?
Did you see the mad fiend's blow
Fall on her who knelt in prayer?
Did you hear the last sad moan,
As that fair one's soul was freed.
And list in vain to hear a groan
Or sigh from him who did the deed?

Ah, see that smile of joy and rest.

Now as she draws her last short breath.

That to her still white face is prest,

E'en while she tastes the cup of death.

I would not have you hear the curse

That from this base man's lips there fell,

Nor go to see the poor lone hearse

And grave of her with whom all's well—

But turn now to a scene more fair,
And see those two so blithe and gay;

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He twines a rose wreath in her hair,
She smiles on him through all the day.
He plights his love, wealth, dreams of bliss.
And she pure love, fair hand, leal heart,
Their vows are sealed with faith's sweet kiss,
A high trust wrought by no rude art.

They wed; and as the years sped on,
A dark cloud came and o'er them hung;
Their vows were hid, their love was gone,
And in mute woe joy's knell was rung.
The Fiend of Drink—the curse and foe
Of man through all the flights of time—
Stole in and laid the strong youth low;
HE DRANK, and this was all his crime.

The deeds of wrong which he has done,
All came from this his first great sin,
And all his once grand traits had won
Was lost in dark wild strife and din;
Rum is the cause of all the shame
That holds him now with bands of steel,
And when the stern Seer laid a claim
Oh what sharp pain his wife did feel!

But she is freed from all her woes

While he must still go down and down
Through all the shades of crime's keen throes!

He sought a ban and she a crown.

The years to come will tell the tale—

Frail words cannot speak all the truth,
When Death shall come on steed so pale,
To take with him this sin-wild youth.

My brave young boys take heed I pray,
And walk not in this black crime's path,
Walk on that high and grand straight way,
Which shuns the place of fire and wrath.
Ye bright hopes of the yet to come,
With truth now let your feet be shod,
Strive for that blest and dear good home,
In the grand realms of our God.





DRIFTING.

CALISTA L. GRANT.

I stand by the river, so peacefully shining,
Beyond is the city I'm yearning to see;
I wait for the summons that's coming to me!
Hold me closer, my darling, and feel no repining,
We know that the pure love our hearts now entwining,
Reaching over the river, immortal will be!

Thou fair, golden city, soon, soon, I shall find me

Thy clear jasper walls and thy pearl gates within,

Where never can enter earth's bondage and sin!

All the world's care and pain I shall leave far behind me,

No more can my prison chains transmel and bind me,

My crown of rejoicing at last I shall win.

For I'm dying, you say, though it seems more like dreaming,
So slowly the life-tide is ebbing away,—
So slowly is fading life's lingering ray!
So long all of earth hath been idle seeming,
So long, oh, so long, have I watched for the gleaming
Of the pure gates that open to Heaven's perfect day.

Through the vine-curtained window the sunlight is sifting,

On the snow of the mountains the purple mist lies;
But they fade from my view, as the death-shadows rise,
And out from the earth-life my lone bark is drifting,
Through the mist and the shadow, but angels are lifting,
With invisible fingers, the gates of the skies!

A FAREWELL

Farewell! since never more for thee
The sun comes up our eastern skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

There are who for thy last, long sleep Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore, Shall weep because thou canst not weep, And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love! the loving breast
On which the aching head was thrown,
Gave up the weary head to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.



FAITH.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Better trust all and be deceived, And weep that trust and that deceiving, Than doubt one heart that if believed Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth; Better be cheated to the last Than lose the blessed hope of truth.





BED.

Our sweetest and most bitter hours are thine;
Thou by the weary frame art fondly pressed,
Which, grateful, blesses its most welcome shrine,
While curses thee, pale sickness' sad unrest.
'Tis here the blushing bride receives her lord;
'Tis here the mother first beholds her child;
'Tis here death snaps affection's fondest cord,
And changes sunny bliss to anguish wild;
'Tis here the good man, pondering on his fate,
Beholds that bed which this doth typefy,
Made by the sexton, his frail form's estate,
Where, in long slumber, it shall dreamless lie;
And he exults, feeling in that dark sod
His robe alone will lie—the rest with God!





GILLYFLOWERS.

LD-FASHIONED, yes, I know they are, Long exiled from the gay parterre, And banished from the bowers; But not the fairest foreign bloom Can match in beauty or perfume Those bonny English flowers.

Their velvet petals, fold on fold, In every shade of flaming gold, And richest, deepest brown,

Lie close with little leaves between, Of slender shape and tender green, And soft as softest down.

On Sabbath mornings long ago,
When melody began to flow
From out the belfry tower,
I used to break from childish talk,
To pluck beside the garden walk
My mother's Sunday flower.

In spring she loved the snow-drop white, In summer time carnations bright, Or roses newly blown; But this the bower she cherished most, And from the goodly garden host She chose it for her own.

Ah, mother dear! the brown flowers wave
In sunshine o'er thy quiet grave.
This morning far away;
And I sit lonely here the while,
Scarce knowing if to sigh or smile
Upon their sister spray.

I well could sigh, for grief is strong,
I well could smile, for love lives long,
And conquers even death;
But if I smile, or if I sigh,
God knoweth well the reason why,
And gives me broader faith,

Firm faith to feel all good is meant.

Sure hope to fill with deep content
My most despairing hours;

And oftentimes he deigns to shed

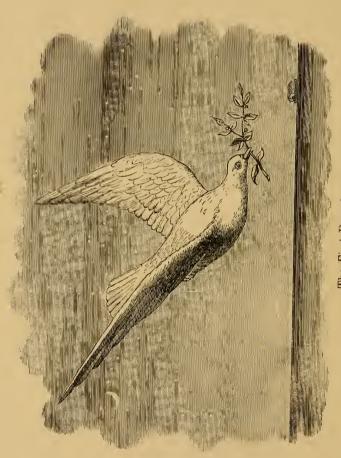
Sweet sunshine o'er the path I tread,
As on to-day, these flowers.

And chose he not a bearer meet,
To bring for me those blossoms sweet,
A loving little child?
And child and bonny blossoms come,
Like messages of love and home,
O'er waters waste and wild.

-All the Year Round.







The First Reporter.



THE BROOK.

A. TENNYSON.

"O babbling brook," says Edmund in his rhyme,

"Whence come you?" and the brook, why not? replies.

COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways.In little sharps and trebles,I bubble into eddying bays,I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret, By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow

To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I trave! With many a silvery waterbreak Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,I slide by hazel covers;I move the sweet forget-me-notsThat grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and starsIn brambly wildernesses:I linger by my shingly bars;I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow

To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on forever.

THREE CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPHS.

[A Friend who read the epitaph prepared for his own tomb by the late Professor Clifford, was prompted to compose two others, which, with that of the Professor, is given below.]

ATHEIST.

I was not, and I was conceived; I lived, and did a little work; I am not, and I grieve not.

PANTHEIST.

A drop of spray cast from the Infinite, I hung an instant there, and threw my ray To make the rainbow. A microcosm I, Reflecting all. Then back I fell again: And though I perished not, I was no more.

CHRISTIAN.

God willed: I was. What He had planned I wrought, That done, He called, and now I dwell with him.



MY BRIDE THAT IS TO BE.

J. W. RILEY.



SOUL of mine, look out and see
My bride, my bride that is to be!
Reach out with mad, impatient hands
And draw aside futurity
As one might draw a veil aside,
And so unveil her where she stands
Madonna-like and glorified—
The Queen of undiscovered lands
Of love, to where she beckons me—
My bride, my bride that is to be.

The shadow of a willow tree
That wavers on a garden wall
In summer time may never fall
In attitude as gracefully
As my fair bride that is to be;
Nor ever Autumn's leaves of brown
As lightly flutter to the lawn
As fall her fairy feet upon
The path of love she loiters down.
O'er drops of dew she walks, and yet
Not one may stain her sandal wet;

And she might dance upon the way, Nor crush a single drop to spray, So airy-like she seems to me— My bride, my bride that is to be.

I know not if her eyes are light
As summer skies, or dark as night—
I only know that they are dim
With mystery. In vain I peer
To make their hidden meaning clear,
While o'er their surface, like a tear
That ripples to the silken brim,
A look of longing seems to swim,
All warm and weary-like to me;
And then, as suddenly, my sight
Is blinded with a smile so bright,
Through folded lids I still may see
My bride, my bride that is to be.

Her face is like a night of June
Upon whose brow the crescent moon
Hangs pendent in a diadem
Of stars, with envy lighting them;
And, like a wild cascade, her hair
Floods neck and shoulder, arm and wrist,
Till only through the gleaming mist
I seem to see a siren there,
With lips of love and melody,
And open arms and heaving breast
Wherein I fling my soul to rest,
The while my heart cries hopelessly
For my fair bride that is to be.

Nay, foolish heart and blinded eyes, My bride has need of no disguiseBut rather let her come to me In such a form as bent above My pillow when in infancy I knew not anything but love. Oh, let her come from out the lands OfWomanhood-not fairy isles-And let her come with woman's hands. And woman's eves of tears and smiles: With woman's hopefulness and grace Of patience lighting up her face; And let her diadem be wrought Of kindly deed and prayerful thought, That ever over all distress May beam the light of cheerfulness: And let her feet be brave to fare The labyrinths of doubt and care, That following, my own may find The path to heaven God designed— Oh, let her come like this to me, My bride, my bride that is to be.





"WHO HAS ROBBED THE OCEAN CAVE?"

JOHN SHAW.

Who has robbed the ocean cave. To tinge thy lips with coral hue? Who, from India's distant wave, For thee those pearly treasures drew? Who, from yonder orient sky, Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms thy form to deck. From sea, and earth, and air are torn; Roses bloom upon thy cheek. On thy breath their fragrance borne: Guard thy bosom from the day. Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind. Which mute earth could ne'er impart; Nor in ocean wilt thou find, Nor in the circling air, a heart: Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be.



A PORTRAIT.

Two eyes I see whose sunny blue
Rivals the summer skies;
Two lips whose ripe and cherry hue
With bright carnation vies;
Two rippling waves of gold brown hair,
An antique comb to keep them straight;
A sweet and simple face most fair—
Pressed on my heart is this portrait.





TWO PICTURES.

MARIAN DOUGLASS.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long,—
"O could I only tread once more
The field path to the farm house door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"



EXTRACTS FROM "BURNS."

F. G. HALLECK.

He kept his honesty and truth,

His independent tongue and pen,
And moved in manhood as in youth.

Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave,

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,

That could not fear and would not bow,

Were written in his manly eye

And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven, Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown, Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven, The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood Beside his coffin with wet eyes, Her brave, her beautiful, her good, As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,

Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay

To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,

The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,

Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

THE NATIVITY.

J. MILTON.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our daily forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,

And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet;
Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel-choir,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.





A FREE SHOW.

WYOMING KIT.



SIT to-night as audience to my thoughts,
Which to a panorama treat my vision
Of days long past, some bright, some bearing
blots,

Some worthy praise; some calling forth derision!

And as the ever-changing scenes go by—

Eliciting applause or condemnation—

I bid the canvas halt, as to my eye Appears a scene which once caused aggravation!

It shows me in the bright sunset of youth,

Just entering the dawn of manhood's morning,
When womankind I ranked as pearls of truth,
Forever every thought of falsehood scorning!
One avalanche of beauty crossed my path,
And of my heart susceptible made capture!
Ah! who can know the joy I felt, who hath
Not likewise had a tussle with love's rapture!

I wooed her as did woo the fabled gods—
(At least as I then understood their wooing
From what I'd gleaned from books)—but what's the odds?

I wooed her, that's enough—and in my suing
I promised her—well, never mind; 'twas more
Than I could ever give from shrunken bounty!
Enough to stock the very finest store
In this, or any other, high-toned county!

My wages vanished like a summer dream,
In little odds or ends to suit her fancy;
Gloves, handkerchiefs, confections, rides, ice-cream,
And price of opera boxes' occupancy!
My board bill swelled into enormous size!
My washerwoman threatened dire exposure!
And creditors—confound 'em—swarmed like flies,
And hinted at a possible disclosure!

And yet, my darling's smiles at all times drove
Away the morbid shade these scenes threw o'er me
The very pangs of sulphurdom, by Jove!
Would lose their terror with her smiles before me.
At last she named the happy, joyous day
When I should claim her for my own, own treasure
But just before the night she ran away
With clerk of a hotel, a gent of leisure!

Ten years have passed. I saw her yesterday
Beneath a basketful of dirty linen!
She takes in washing now! alack-a-day!
And 'pon my soul I couldn't keep from grinnin'
To see that form which once was lithe and fair,
Now weighing some two hundred pounds, or over!
And seven children, all with oreide hair,
Now greet her with the sacred name of "muvver!"

Her husband tumbled from his lofty grade
And "soaked" his diamond(?) pin for just a dollar,
With which he bought a bootblack's stock in trade
And went in partnership with gent of color!
His works now shine—from others' fancy boots!
Alas! what ending to love's glorious summer!
Bright dream of glory plucked out by the roots!
Who? me?—ah—um—well, I'm a genteel bummer.

"TILL DEATH US PART."

DEAN STANLEY.

"Till death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Thro' blessing, and thro' curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one till the dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder,
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us join,
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;

Thro' lonely hours

And shattered powers

We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, thro' the Only Good,
Heard, felt and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.







"A shadowy landscape dipp'd in gold."



SUNSET WITH CLOUDS.

HE earth grows dark about me,
But heaven shines clear above,
As daylight slowly melts away
With the crimson light I love:
And clouds, like floating shadows
Of every form and hue,
Hover around his dying couch,
And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels,

They throng around the sun—
Courtiers that on their monarch wait,

Until his course is run;

From him they take their glory:

His honor they uphold;

And trail their flowing garments forth,

Of purple, green and gold.

O bliss to gaze upon them,
From this commanding hill,
And drink the spirit of the hour,
While all around is still:
While distant skies are opening
And stretching far away,
A shadowy landscape dipp'd in gold,
Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,
As in your robe of light
The glorious hills and vales of heaven
Are dawning on the sight;
I seem to hear the murmur
Of some celestial stream,
And catch the glimmer of its course
Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks, with rapture,
Is my eternal home—
More lovely than this passing glimpse
To which my footsteps roam;
There's something yet more glorious
Succeeds this life of pain;
And, strengthened with a mightier hope,
I face the world again.

-Temple Bar





TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

R. H. WILDE.

Wing'd mimic of the woods! thou motley fool,
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever -ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.





LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

P. B. SHELLEY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:—
Why not I with thine?

See! the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?



THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

GEO, W. CUTTER.

WAY, away, through the sightless air—
Stretch forth your iron thread;
For I would not dim my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread;
Ay, rear it up on its million piers—
Let it reach the world around,
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I'll clear at a single bound!

Though I cannot toil like the groaning slave
Ye have fetter'd with iron skill,
To ferry you over the boundless wave,
Or grind in the noisy mill;
Let him sing his giant strength and speed:
Why, a single shaft of mine
Would give that monster a flight, indeed,
To the depths of the ocean brine.

No, no! I'm the spirit of light and love:
To my unseen hand 'tis given
To pencil the ambient clouds above,
And polish the stars of heaven.

I scatter the golden rays of fire
On the horizon far below,
And deck the skies where storms expire
With my red and dazzling glow.

The deepest recesses of earth are mine—
I traverse its silent core;
Around me the starry diamonds shine,
And the sparkling fields of ore;
And oft I leap from my throne on high,
To the depths of the ocean's caves.
Where the fadeless forests of coral lie,
Far under the world of waves.

My being is like a lovely thought
That dwells in a sinless breast;
A tone of music that ne'er was caught—
A word that was ne'er expressed.
I burn in the bright and burnish'd halls,
Where the fountains of sunlight play—
Where the curtain of gold and opal falls
O'er the scenes of the dying day.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain, I light it with a glare,
When fall the boding drops of rain
Through the darkly-cartain'd air;
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,
The piles of a thousand years,
Have not the strength of potters' clay
Before my glittering spears.

From the Alps' or the highest Andes' crag, From the peaks of eternal snow, The dazzling folds of my fiery flag
Gleam o'er the world below;
The earthquake heralds my coming power,
The avalanche bounds away,
And howling storms at midnight hour
Proclaim my kingly sway.

Ye tremble when my legions come—
When my quivering sword leaps out
O'er the hills that echo my thunder-drum,
And rend with my joyous shout:
Ye quail on the land or upon the seas,
Ye stand in your fear aghast,
To see me burn the stalwart trees,
Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall,
The letters of high command,
Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall,
Were traced with my burning hand:
And oft in fire have I wrote since then,
What angry Heaven decreed—
But the sealed eyes of sinful men
Were all too blind to read.

At last the hour of light is here,
And kings no more shall blind,
Nor the bigots crush with craven fear
The forward march of mind;
The words of Truth, and Freedom's rays
Are from my pinions hurl'd,
And soon the sun of better days
Shall rise upon the world.

But away, away, through the sightless air,
Stretch forth your iron thread;
For I would not soil my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread.
Ay, rear it upon its million piers—
Let it circle the world around,
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I'll clear at a single bound!





THE YOUTH WHO PLAYED BEFORE HE LOOKED.

A youth went forth to serenade The lady whom he loved the best, And passed beneath the mansion's shade Where first his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light Came dancing o'er the hilltops' rim; But no fair maiden blessed his sight, And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze He drew much nearer than before, When, to his horror and amaze, He saw "To Let" upon the door.





THE TWO VILLAGES.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Over the river on the hill, Lieth a village white and still; All around it the forest trees Shiver and whisper in the breeze. Over it sailing shadows go, Of soaring hawk and screaming crow; And mountain grasses, low and sweet, Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cooling night,
Twinkling stars of household light.
Fires that gleam from the smithy door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut.

All the village lies asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap:
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent—and idle—and low—they lie

In the village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below—
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, the answer fall—
"Patience! That village shall hold ye all!"





THE LOVER.

C. PATMORE.

He meets, by heavenly chance express, His destined wife; some hidden hand Unvails to him that loveliness Which others cannot understand. No songs of love, no summer dreams Did e'er his longing fancy fire With vision like to this; she seems In all things better than desire. His merits in her presence grow, To match the promise in her eyes, And round her happy footsteps blow The authentic airs of Paradise. The least is well, yet nothing's light In all the lover does; for he Who pitches hope at such a height Will do all things with dignity. She is so perfect, true, and pure, Her virtue all virtue so endears, That often, when he thinks of her, Life's meanness fills his eyes with tears.



GOD'S WAYS.

God speaks to hearts of men in many ways:
Some the red banner of the rising sun,
Spread o'er the snow-clad hills, has taught his praise;
Some the sweet silence when the day is done;
Some, after loveless lives, at length have won
His word in children's hearts and children's gaze.

And some have found him where low rafters ring
To greet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers;
And some in prayer and some in perfecting
Of watchful toil through unrewarding years.

And some not less are his, who vainly sought
His voice, and they with silence have been taught—
Who bare his chain that bade them to be bound,
And, at the end, in finding not, have found.

-The Spectator.





DEAD.

ALMA LATTIN.

Within the flower-lined casket she was laid,
Without a tear, without a moan;
The very life blood of my heart seemed stayed—
Earth's light to deepest darkness grown.

I laid my darling down without a sigh,
For grief for words was all too deep;
My anguished heart could only send one cry:
"O God, in heaven, my darling keep!

"I cannot lose her; she's my only one; Oh, let me to her, Lord, I pray!" But oh! the golden light of setting sun Shone on her fair, but lifeless clay.

I know my darling's shining form will wait Beyond this world, where grief's dark night Enshrouds my saddened life,—at heaven's gate I'll meet my child where all is light.



PARTING.

In the wood, love, when we parted,
Birds were singing loud and clear;
Silent stood we, broken hearted;
Parting words are hard to hear;
Great our love, and great our anguish,
Doomed apart to coldly languish!
Must it be forever, love?

All without was gay around us;
All within was cold and bleak!
Grief and pain in silence bound us;
Parting words are hard to speak!
Singing birds, why mock our sorrow?
Know ye that we part to-morrow?
Trouble not our last farewell.

Nature knows no pain or sadness;
Bird and flow'r and bee rejoice!
Yet I cannot bear their gladness,
And I hate their cheerful voice!
Oh, farewell, my love, forever!
Widely now our pathways sever,
Never shall we meet again.



A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.



OFTLY fell the touch of twilight on Judea's silent hills;

Slowly crept the peace of moonlight o'er Judea's trembling rills.

In the temple's court, conversing, seven elders sat, apart;

Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of heal and pure of heart.

- "What's best?" said Rabbi Judah, he of stern and steadfast gaze;
- "Answer, ye whose toils have burdened through the march of many days."
- "To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "decent wealth and goodly store,
- Without sin, by honest labor—nothing less and nothing more."
- "To have found," said Rabbi Joseph—meekness in his gentle eyes—
- "A foretaste of heaven's sweetness in home's blessed paradise."

- "To have wealth and power and glory, crowned and brightened by the pride
- Of uprising children's children," Rabbi Benjamin replied.
- "To have won the praise of nations, to have won the crown of fame,"
- Rabbi Solomon responded, faithful to his kingly name.
- "To sit throned, the lord of millions, first and noblest in the land,"
- Answered haughty Rabbi Asher, youngest of the reverend band.
- "All in vain," said Rabbi Jairus, "unless faith and hope have traced
- In the soul Mosaic presents, by sin's contact uneffaced."
- Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest, gravest of them all.

 "From the heights of fame and honor even valiant souls may fall.
- "Love may fail us; virtue's sapling grow a dry and thorny rod,
- If we bear not in our bosoms the unselfish love of God."
- In the outer court sat playing a sad-featured, fair-haired child;
- His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow—they were God-like when he smiled!
- One by one he dropped the lilies, softly plucked with childish hand;
- One by one he viewed the sages of that grave and hoary band.

- Step by step he neared them closer, till encircled by the seven.
- Then he said, in tones untrembling, with a smile that breathed of heaven,
- "Nay, nay, fathers; only he within the measure of whose breast
- Dwells the human love with God-love, can have found life's truest rest;
- "For where one is not the other must grow stagnant at its spring,
- Changing good deeds into phantoms—an unmeaning, soulless thing.
- "Whose holds this precept truly, owns a jewel brighter far Than the joys of home and children—than wealth, fame and glory are;
- "Fairer than old age thrice honored, far above tradition's law,
- Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient prophets saw.
- "Only he within the measure—faith apportioned—of whose breast
- Throbs the brother-love with God-love, knows the depth of perfect rest."
- Wondering gazed they at each other, once broke silence and no more:
- "He has spoken words of wisdom no man ever spake before!"

Calmly passing from their presence to the fountain's rippling song,

Stooped he to uplift the lilies strewed the scattered sprays among.

Faintly stole the shades of evening through the massive open door;

Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on the temple's marble floor.

Where the elders lingered, silent since he spake, the Undefiled,

Where the Wisdom of the ages sat amid the flowers—a child.





"FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS."

A. STEELE.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy love impart,
And help me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.







"As a reed with the reeds of the river."



A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

E. B. BROWNING.

HAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan. (How tall it stood in the river!)

Then drew the pith like the heart of a man, Steadily from the outside ring,

Then notched the poor dry empty thing

In holes, as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan, (Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed;"
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river,
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,

To laugh, as he sits by the river,

Making a poet out of a man.

The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—

For the reed that grows nevermore again

As a reed with the reeds of the river.





THE DYING GLADIATOR.

LORD BYRON.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow

Consents to death, but conquers agony,

And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,

Like the first of a thunder shower; and now

The arena swims around him—he is gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes

Were with his heart, and that was far away.

He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,

But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,

There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,

Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—

All this rush'd with his blood—shall he expire

And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!



THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

W. H. VENABLE.

HE weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around,
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round,
Of labor thrown away—
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal, Love's sacrifice is loss, The hopes of morn, so golden, turn, Each evening, into dross.

"I squander on a barren field My strength, my life, my all;

The seeds I sow will never grow, They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he prest:
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast—
The room by strange and sudden change
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a Senate-hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately Senate-hall dissolved—
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,

And though his hair was gray,

The teacher's thought was strangely wrought—

"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon—What saw the teacher then?

In classic gloom of alcoved room An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad!" the teacher said, Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold *his* name enrolled Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron, well I know,
Was but a wild and careless child,
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo,
The school-house rude and old,
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.

"A dream!" the sleeper, waking, said,
Then paced along the floor,
And whistling slow and soft and low,
He locked the school-house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and love and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low,
He murmured, "After many days."





THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

TOM MOORE.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet, As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet; Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and brightest of green; 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill, Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near, Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of nature improve, When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.



THE LOST CHORD.

A. A. PROCTER.

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I struck one chord of music, Like the sound of a great Amen!

It flooded the crimson twilight,

Like the close of an angel's psalm,

And it lay on my fevered spirit

With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,

And trembled away into silence As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.





EXTRACTS FROM "L'ALLEGRO."

J. MILTON.

ASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

To hear the lark begin his flight, And, singing, startle the dull night, From his watch-tower in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise; Then to come, in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good-morrow, Through the sweet-briar or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine: While the cock, with lively din, Scatters the rear of darkness thin, And to the stack, or the barn-door, Stoutly struts his dames before:

* * * * * *

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, Whilst the landscape round it measures; Russet lawns, and fallows gray, Where the nibbling flocks do stray; Mountains, on whose barren breast The laboring clouds do often rest; Meadows trim, with daisies pied, Shallow brooks, and rivers wide; Towers and battlements it sees Bosom'd high in tufted trees, Where, perhaps, some beauty lies, The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes From betwixt two aged oaks, Where Corydon and Thyrsis met, Are at their savory dinner set Of herbs, and other country messes, Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses; And then in haste her bower she leaves, With Thestylis to bind the sheaves; Or, if the earlier season lead, To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checker'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail:

Tower'd cities please us then, And the busy hum of men, Where throngs of knights and barons bold, In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, With store of ladies, whose bright eyes Rain influence, and judge the prize Of wit or arms, while both contend To win her grace whom all commend. There let Hymen oft appear In saffron robe, with taper clear, And pomp, and feast, and revelry, With mask and antique pageantry; Such sights as youthful poets dream On summer eves by haunted stream. Then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson's learned sock be on, Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild. And ever, against eating cares, Lap me in soft Lydian airs, Married to immortal verse. Such as the meeting soul may pierce, In notes, with many a winding bout Of linked sweetness long drawn out, With wanton heed and giddy cunning, The melting voice through mazes running, Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony; That Orpheus' self may heave his head, From golden slumber on a bed Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear Such strains as would have won the ear Of Pluto, to have quite set free His half-regain'd Eurydice. These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.







BINGEN ON THE RHINE.



BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

MRS, C. E. S. NORTON.



SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand, And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land:

Take a message and a token, to some distant friends of mine, For I was born at Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done.

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars;

And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;—

And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;

For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage. For my father was a soldier, and even as a child

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,

When troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye, For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine).

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,

O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the morn be risen. My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen.—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear:

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,

The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—

But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak; His comrade bent to lift him, but the sparks of life had fled, The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field with bloody corses strewn; Yes, calmly, on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.



SONNET ON HIS BLINDESS.

J. MILTON.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."





TWO LOVERS.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WO lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there.
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.

O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept:

The bells made happy carollings,

The air was soft as fanning wings,

White petals on the pathway slept.

O pure-eyed bride!

O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:

Two hands above the head were locked;

These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.

O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:

The red light fell about their knees

On heads that rose by slow degrees Like buds upon the lily spire.

O patient life!

O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,

The red light shown about their knees;

But all the heads by slow degrees

Had gone and left that lonely pair.

O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor

And made the space between them wide:

They drew their chairs up side by side,

Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more'

O memories!
O past that is!





EXTRACTS FROM "CRITICISM."

A. POPE.

OME beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their
end)

Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain. And drinking largely sobers us again. Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts, In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, While from the bounded level of our mind, Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind; But more advanced, behold with strange surprise New distant scenes of endless science rise! So pleased at first the towering Alps we try, Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky, The eternal snows appear already pass'd. And the first clouds and mountains seem the last: But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey The growing labors of the lengthen'd way, The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes, Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work, regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause in spite of trivial faults is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, much the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part;
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd; Something, whose truth, convinced at sight we find, That gives us back the image of our mind. As shades more sweetly recommend the light, So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold; Alike fantastic, if too new, or old: Be not the first by whom the new are tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song, And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong: In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire, Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear, Not mend their minds; as some to church repair, Not for the doctrine, but the music there. These equal syllables alone require, Though oft the ear the open vowels tire; While expletives their feeble aid do join; And ten low words oft creep in one dull line: While they ring round the same unvaried chimes, With sure returns of still expected rhymes: Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:" If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep," The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) "with sleep:" Then, at the last and only couplet fraught With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, A needless Alexandrine ends the song, That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along. Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes and know What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;

And praise the easy vigor of a line, Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join. True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance. 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence. The sound must seem an echo to the sense. Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows. And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows: But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar: When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, The line too labors, and the words move slow: Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. Hear how Timotheus' varied lavs surprise, And bid alternate passions fall and rise! While at each change the son of Libyan Jove Now burns with glory, and then melts with love; Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow, Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow: Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found. And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality.
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be, In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me! But let a lord once own the happy lines, How the wit brightens! how the style refines! Before his sacred name flies every fault, And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

To what base ends, and by what abject ways, Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise! Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast, Nor in the critic let the man be lost. Good-nature and good-sense must ever join; To err is human, to forgive—divine.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense; And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence: Some positive, persisting fops we know, Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so; But you, with pleasure own your errors past, And make each day a critique on the last.





MEMORIES.

BARRY CORNWALL.

ING a low song!
A tender cradle measure soft and low,
Not sad or long,
But such as we remember long ago,
When Time, now old, was flying
Over the sunny seasons bright and fleet,
And the red rose was lying
Amongst a crowd of flowers all too sweet.





GOD KNOWETH.

MRS. MARY G. BRAINARD, CHANGED BY P. P. BLISS.

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy he sends me, comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Where he may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence, came
His loving "Follow Me."

O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,

11

And will not let me go,

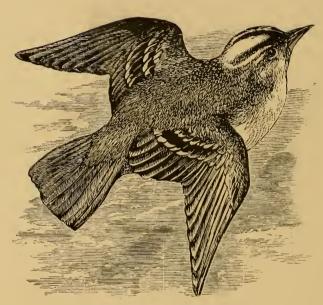
And lulls my troubled soul to rest

In Him who loves me so.

So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.







"Musical cherub, soar, singing away!"



ODE TO THE LARK.

J. HOGG.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place;
O, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
O, to abide in the desert with thee!





PATRIOTISM.

SIR W. SCOTT.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land! Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.





SONG ON MAY MORNING.

J. MILTON.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her The flowery May, who, from her green lap, throws The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose. Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire Mirth, and youth, and warm desire; Woods and groves are of thy dressing, Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing. Thus we salute thee with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long.





MY ANGEL

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

LOWLY the night is falling,
Falling down from the hill,
And all in the low green valley
The dew lies heavy and chill;
The crickets cry in the hedges,
And the bats are circling low,
And like ghosts through the blossoming garden
The glimmering night-moths go.

Hand in hand through the twilight
Come the children every one,
Flushed with their eager frolic,
Tawny with wind and sun;
Home from the sunny uplands
Where the sweet wild berries grow,
Home from the tangled thickets
Where the nuts are ripening slow.

They mock at the owl's weird laughter And the cricket's lonesome cry, At the tardy swallows flying Late through the darkening sky;
And silently gliding after,
Through the dusk of the shadowy street,
Comes their little angel sister,
Star white from her head to her feet—

Never crossing the threshold,
Come they early or late;
With her empty hands on her bosom,
She stops at the cottage gate.
I stretch out my arms in longing,
But she fades from my aching sight,
As a little white cloud at morning
Vanishes into the light.

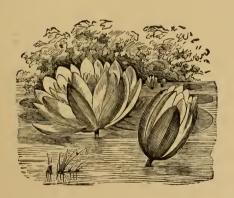
And spite of the shining garments
Folded about her now,
And spite of the deathless beauty
Crowning her lip and brow,
I wish for one passionate moment
She sat on my knee again;
On her feet, so spotless and tender,
The dust and the earthly stain.

For missing her morning and evening,
The bitterest thought must be
That safe with her blessed kindred
The child hath no need of me;
And counting her heavenly birthdays,
I say in my jealous care:
"The babe that lay on my bosom
Hath grown to a maiden fair;

"And now if out of the glory

Her face like a star should shine,
Could I guess the beautiful changeling
Had ever on earth been mine?
I should veil my eyes at her splendor,
But never forget my lack
For the clinging hands of my baby,
And the mouth that kissed me back."

Yet though in my human blindness I cannot fathom His way
Who counts His glorious cycles
A thousand years as a day—
Whenever the cloud is lifted,
Whenever I cross the tide,
Mine own He will surely give me
And I shall be satisfied.





A WOMAN'S LOVE DREAM.

NETTIE P. HOUSTON.

E all have waking visions—I have mine,
And being young, and fanciful, and counted fair
I sometimes dream of love.
And sitting all alone, and musing still,
While yet the firelight flickers dim,
I ask myself if I should learn to love,
If my still heart could wake to life,
yould I love, and how would I be loved:—

How would I love, and how would I be loved;—
I would be loved in calmness—
Trusted and not feared.
I do not ask that he be proud and cold,
But calm, and grave, and very strong—
A King, like Saul, among the sons of men,
And kinglier o'er himself.
He must not tremble at my slightest frown
Nor shudder if another meets my eye;
I would not rule, nor yet would I be ruled;
I scorn the tyrant as I scorn his slave.
There is a love of sweet equality,
The love God gave and smiled upon,—
For it was very good.
He whom I love must be my king,

But I must be his queen; And he should yield me, as my tribute due, The reverence I had earned. Not only by my womanhood, but by all gentleness, Long-suffering, the patient sweetness, Only love can teach; For looking on me he should feel and know That peace and rest which follow after toil. I do not ask for him the world's applause, His deeds the annals of a nation's pride, His name upon the lips of men; But I must feel his power— Must know he could be what earth's heroes are— I could not love him were he not thus great. His hand must be both safe and strong; As hand to shield, to trust, to lay my own within, To stake my life upon; A hand that might have fought with Hercules, Yet would not harm the worm in his path, For the the heart of woman leveth oft A thing she doth unwillingly despise, It is a pitiful, imperfect love that hath not For its corner-stone the rock of Faith. His heart must be most tender and most true— A heart that loves, and pities, and befriends Earth's suffering children, whether high, Or yet among the lowly and the poor, And he must love me perfectly. If I should ever meet this man, While he bent down to kiss my shining hair, Or smooth its clusters from their clinging rest, A sweet unspoken language in his touch Would lift my bright eyes to the light of his;

And, as in fair Judea, when the world was young, Sarah with reverence said to Abraham, My lips should call him "Lord!"







MINNEHAHA FALLS.
"And the cataract leaps in glory."



BUGLE SONG.

A. TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on eastle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

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BEAUTY: A SONNET.

W. SHAKSPERE.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet breaths are sweetest odors made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.





THEY WENT A-FISHING.

One morning, when Spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing;

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, and reel and hooks,And a hamper for lunching recesses;She with the bait of her comely looks,And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing, like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And, when the time for departure came,

The bag was flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.





SABBATH MORNING THOUGHTS.

E. P. BROTHWELL.

Afar in the gleaming orient, the amber gates swing wide, And from his lair the day-king stalks thro' in peerless pride The darkness flyeth affrighted, the flowers look up thro' tears,

As a lost child greets its mother, forgetting all its fears.

Up, up till the walls of the city are burning like molten gold. And hall, and cottage, and church-spire gleam bright in the shining fold;

But the city is husht and silent, her thousand tongues are dumb,

Like the tents of a sleeping army, that wait the rolling drum.

The clock high up in the church-tower tells "Seven" in ringing peals;

Yet no tramping upon the pavement, no crash of rolling wheels;

No answering chime from work-shops—labor hath rest to-day—

No patter of little footsteps, no childish shouts in play.

Life weareth no outward tokens, until on the morning air The Sabbath bells' silvery chiming, telleth the hour of prayer,

Throbbing thro all the city, and the worshipers come and go,

Like the wave of the restless ocean continues to and fro.

We sit in the softened sunlight that falls thro' the tinted panes,

With pulsing heart uplifted by the organ's lofty strains; We echo the old petition that reverently is said, The old all-time petition asking for daily bread;

For strength to resist temptation, from evil to be set free, Giving the glory and honor and power, O God, to thee; But oh, with our human passions, how scarcely dare we pray,

"As we forgive, O Father, forgive us our sins this day.

"As we forgive, O Father!" were this the heartfelt cry Surging from every altar, up to thy throne on high, How we, thy erring children, should reach a tender hand To every sin-wreck'd struggler upon life's crowded strand:







"Mother, come back from the echoless shore."



ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

MRS, ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

ACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night!

Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother-rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed, and faded our faces between, Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain Long I to-night for your presence again. Comes from the silence so long and so deep;— Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Snading my faint eyes away from the light:
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long Since I last listened your hullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!



ODE TO THE BRAVE.

W. COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallow'd mold, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay, And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!





"WHEN TO THE SESSIONS."

SHAKSPERE.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.





THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

T. O'HARA.

HE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At the dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—

And plenteous funeral tears have washed The red stains from each brow, And the proud forms, by battle gashed, Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the fearful cannonade,
The din and shout are past—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps its great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground; Ye must not slumber there, Where stranger steps and tongues resound Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war her richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!

Dear as the blood ye gave,

No impious footstep here shall tread

The herbage of your grave.

Nor shall your glory be forgot

While Fame her record keeps,

Or Honor points the hallowed spot

Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.



THE TRUE POET.

FROM BAILEY'S "FESTUS."



HE world is full of glorious likenesses.

The poet's power is to sort these out,

And to make music with the common strings

With which the world is strung; to make the dumb

Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw Life clear and sweet and harmless as spring water

Welling its way thro' flowers.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles toward the inner founts of feeling;
Bringing to light and use else hid from all,
The many sweet, clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms,
And mocks the variations of all mind
As does the needle an air-investing storm's.

Experience and imagination are Mother and sire of song—the harp and hand. The bard's aim is to give us thoughts, his art Lieth in giving them as bright as may be. And even when their looks are earthly, still
If opened, like geodes, they may be found
Full of sparkling, sparry loveliness.
They should be wrought, not cast; like tempered steel,
Burned and cooled, burned again, and cooled again.
A thought is like a ray of light—complex
In nature—simple only in effect.
Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more;
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped
And roughly looked over.

A mist of words,

Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want, Not its effect—not likenesses of likenesses. And such descriptions are not, more than gloves Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.

Great bards toil much and most, but most at first Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul For hours upon a thought to carry it.

Some never rise above a petty fault, And of whose best things it is kindly said, The thought is fair; but to be perfect wants A little hightening, like a pretty face With a low forehead.

Some steal a thought And clip it round the edge, and challenge him

Whose 'twas to swear to it.

What of style?

There is no style is good, but nature's style. And the great ancient's writings beside ours Look like illuminated manuscripts
Before plain press print; all had different minds, And followed only their own bents; for this
Nor copied that, nor that the other; each
Is finished in his writing; each is best
For his own mind and that it was upon;
And all have lived, are living, and shall live;
But these have died, are dying, and shall die;
Yea, copyists shall die, spark out and out.
Minds which combine and make alone can tell
The bearings and workings of all things
In and upon each other.

And he who means to be a great bard, must Measure himself against pure mind and fling His soul into a stream of thought, as will A swimmer hurl himself into the water.

Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear Glean after what it can. The voice of great Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all Word music; and great thoughts, like great deeds, need No trumpet. Never be in haste writing. Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow, Not art's—a fountain's, not a pump's. But once Begun, work thou all things into thy work; And set thyself about it, as the sea

About earth, lashing at it day and night; And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.

FRIENDSHIP.

SHAKSPERE.

I count myself in nothing else so happy, As in a soul remembering my good friends; And, as my fortune ripens with my love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense.



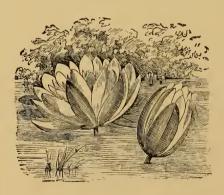


THE FINEST ENGLISH EPIGRAM.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.

"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view, let both united be;
I live in pleasure while I live to thee.





OUR INFANT IN HEAVEN.

ILENCE filled the courts of heaven,
Hushed were angel harp and tone,
As a little new-born spirit
Knelt before the eternal throne;
While her small white hands were lifted.
Clasped as if in earnest prayer,
And her voice in low, sweet murmurs,
Rose like music on the air.
Light from the full fount of glory
On her robes of whiteness glistened,
And the bright-winged seraphs round her
Bowed their radiant heads and listened:

Lord! from thy throne of glory here
My heart turns fondly to another;
O, Lord, our God, the comforter,
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!
Many sorrows hast thou sent her,
Meekly has she drained the cup,
And the jewels thou hast lent her,
Unrepining, yielded up—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

Earth is frowning darkly round her, Many, many hast thou taken; Let her not, though clouds surround her,
Feel herself of thee forsaken.
Let her think, when faint and weary,
We are waiting for her here;
Let each loss that makes earth dreary,
Make the thought of heaven more dear—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

Savior! thou in nature human,
Dwelt on earth a little child,
Pillowed on the breast of woman,
Blessed Mary! undefiled.
Thou, who from the cross of suffering,
Marked thy mother's tearful face,
And bequeathed her to thy loved one,
Bidding him to fill thy place—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother.

Thou, who from the heaven descending,
Tears, and woes, and suffering won;
Thou, who Nature's laws suspending,
Gave the widow back her son;
Thou, who at the grave of Lazarus,
Wept with those who wept their dead;
Thou, who once in mortal anguish.
Bowed thy own anointed head—
Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

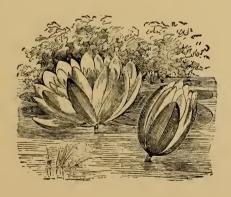
The dove-like murmurs died away
Upon the radiant air,
But still the little suppliant knelt,
With hands still clasped in prayer;
Still were her softly-pleading eyes
Turned to the sapphire throne,

Till golden harp and angel voice
Rang out in mighty tone;
And as the silvery numbers swelled,
By seraph voices given,
High, clear, and sweet the anthem rolled
Through all the court of heaven.

WOMAN.

E. S. BARRET.

Not she with traitorous kiss her Savior stung, Not she denied him with unholy tongue; She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave, Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.





THE CHILD OF A KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

My father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold: His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

My Father's own Son, the Savior of men, Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men, But now He is reigning forever on high, And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth! But I've been "adopted," my name's written down: An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there: Tho' exiled from home yet, still I may sing, All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus, my Savior,
I'm the child of a King.





rraine Songsters.



"THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF SONG."

MARY LOUISA CHITWOOD.

If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made, for life's hard battle,
One faint heart grow brave and strong—
Then, my God, I thank thee, bless thee,
For the precious gift of song.





WHICH SHALL IT BE?

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.



HICH shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet,
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak,
"Tell me again what Robert said,"
And then I listened, bent my head.
"This is his letter."

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing could not share;
Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie asleep,"
So walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby slept;
Her damp curls lay, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white;
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "not her."

We stepped beside the trundle bed, And one long ray of lamp-light shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so pitiful and so fair, I saw on Charlio's rough red cheek A tear undried, ere John could speak; "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"Nay, for a thousand crowns not him,"
He whispered while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared. Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;

And so said John, "I would not dare

To send him from our bedside prayer."
Then stole we lightly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for her it would better be,"
I said to John, quite silently.
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee;"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our oldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father, "No, John, no:
I can not, will not, let him go."
And we wrote in courteous way,
We would not give one child away;
And afterward toil brighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy, in truth, that not one face,
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all of the seven,
Trusting then to One in heaven.





AT CHESS.

SALLIE A. BROCK.

BOVE a checkered table they bent—
A man in his prime and a maiden fair,
Over whose polished and blue-veined brow
Rested no shadowy tinge of care.
Her eyes were fountains of sapphire light;
Her lips wore the curves of cheerful thought;
And into her gestures and into her smile
Grace and beauty their spell had fraught.

Above the checkered table they bent,
Watching the pieces, red and white,
As each moved on in appointed course
Through the mimic battle's steady fight—
The queen, in her stately, regal power;
The king, to her person friendly shield;
The mitred bishop, with his support,
And the massive castle across the field;

The pawn, in his slow and cautious pace,
A step at a time; and the mounted knight,
Vaulting, as gallant horseman of old,
To the right and left, and left and right.
But a single word the silence broke,

As they cleared aside the ruin and wreck Of the battle's havoc; and that word Was the little monosyllable "Check!"

Pawns, and bishops, and castles, and knights
Trembled together in sad dismay,
While a pair of hearts were pulsing beside
To a deeper, wilder, sweeter play.
Yet the gaze of each—the man and the maid—
On the board was fastened for turn of fate,
When she archly whispered, with radiant glance,
And a sparkling smile: "If you please, sir, mate!"

And gently her fluttering triumph-hand,
As white as a flake of purest pearl,
She laid on the crown of her victor-king,
While the other toyed with a wanton curl.
He lifted the first to his smiling lips
And on it imprinted a trembling kiss;
And he murmured softly: "I should not care
For losing the game could I win but this!"

What the maiden answered 'twere treason to tell,
As her blushes deepened to crimson glow,
Mounting like lightning flashes quick
Till they burned on cheeks, and ears and brow.
And in three months' time the church-bells rang,
And the parson finished the game begun,
When both wore the conqueror's triumph-smile,
And both were happy, for both had won.

—Appleton's Journal.



THE SHELL.

A. TENNYSON.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man Could give it a clumsy name. Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

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Slight, to be crush'd with a tap Of my finger nail on the sand, Small, but a work divine, Frail, but of force to withstand, Year upon year, the shock Of cataract seas that snap The three-decker's oaken spine Athwart the ledges of rock Here on the Breton strand!





A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

MRS. MARY A. FORD ("UNA.")

HE surging sea of human life forever onward rolls,

And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls;

Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale death sits at the prow,

And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive, While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?

Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting for the plow

Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short narrow span, On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man? Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow? Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now! Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame?

A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;

The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,

Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear your weary load of wrong! O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving, grow more strong!

Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of how You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom, right and truth

Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth;

When 'mid the blest, with God you rest, the grateful lands shall bow

Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time! like breakers on thy shore;

They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are no more;

The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow

Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand

An open page, like babes we cling to thy protecting hand, Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may safely bow Beneath the shadow of Thy throne, a hundred years from now.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,

Draw forth the cheerful day from night;

O Father, touch the east, and light

The light that shone when Hope was born.

—Tennyson.

This day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
——Shakspere.

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

—E. H. Sears.

This happy day, whose risen sun Shall set not through eternity; This holy day when Christ, the Lord, Took on Him our humanity.

--PHEBE CARY.

Immortal Babe, who this dear day, Didst change Thine Heaven for our clay, And didst with flesh thy God-head veil, Eternal Son of God, all hail!

-BISHOP HALL.

There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky, There's a mother's deep prayer, and a baby's low cry, And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing, For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

-Josiah Gilbert Holland.

With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts And loving words, withal, Welcome the merry Christmas in, And hear a brother's call.

--F. LAWRENCE.

But the star that shines in Bethlehem Shines still, and shall not cease, And we listen still to the tidings Of glory and of peace.

-Adelaide A. Procter.

Who taught mankind on that first Christmas day, What 'twas to be a man; to give, not take; To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour; To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live?

---C. KINGSLEY.

The poor will many a care forget, The debtor think not of his debt. But as they each enjoy their cheer, Wish that 'twere Christmas all the year.

--THOMAS MILLER.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
——Sir Walter Scott.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,

Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,

To men of gentle will.

-W. M. THACKERAY.





A SONG OF HOME.

EMILY C. H. MILLER.

LL day in the deepening sunlight

The tops of the mountain glow,

All night the white waves of the moonlight
Roll down to the valleys below.

I sit by my window and listen

To the voice of the whispering breeze,
As it bears me the breath of the clover,

And the murmurous hum of the bees.

But away over meadow and upland,
A thousand swift fancies have flown,
To see how around the old homestead
The glory of summer has shone.

I see it again in my dreaming;
The twilight is heavy and deep,
And across the green fields of the barley
The night-winds come wooing to sleep.

I can hear through the hush how the water Goes chiming along by the mill, With a tune that begins at the sunset, When the sound of the grinding is still.

O sweet as a mother's low singing
To the baby asleep on her breast,
Rings out that soft song of the water,
When the twilight drops down from the west!

How white through the boughs of the maple Gleams out the low cottage I love, With the moonlight asleep on the threshold, And the stars keeping vigils above!

All hushed! but I know by the hearth stone
They knelt at the nightfall to pray,
And remembered with fond benediction
The loved who have wandered away.

And one hath no need of their praying,
For once, when the summer was bright,
She passed through the valley of shadow
To the gates of the city of light.

And kneeling alone with our sorrow—
Alone on that sorrowful shore,
We wept when we thought how her footsteps
Would never come back any more,

For the brows that eternity crowneth

May never be saddened by woe,

And the lips that have sung with the angels

Are silent forever below.





"WHEN THE SONG'S GONE."

["When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that maybe a psalm'll come by-and-by."—Edward Garrett.]

HEN the song's gone out of your life,

That you thought would last to the end—
That first sweet song of the heart,

That no after days can lend—
The song of the birds to the trees,

The song of the wind to the flowers,

The song that the heart sings low to itself

When it wakes in life's morning hours.

"You can start no other song,"
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air,
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled—
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps from the loss of all

You may learn the song that the seraph sings;
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble, and rise and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearnings still.

-Boston Transcript,



THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

ND is the swallow gone? Who beheld it? Which way sailed it? Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go;-But who doth hear Its summer cheer As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies! From its surrounding clay It steals away Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go? 'Tis all unknown; We feel alone That a void is left below





THE BRIDGE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that levely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters

The wavering shadows lay,

And the current that came from the ocean

Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them, Rose the belated tide, And, streaming into the moonlight, The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,

I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me, It is buried in the sea; And only the sorrow of others Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands Of care-encumbered men, Each bearing his burden of sorrow, Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.





NEVER FAILED US.

Upon the sadness of the sea, The sunset broods regretfully; From the far, lonely spaces, slow Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies; So darken all the happy skies; So gathers twilight, cold and stern, But overhead the planets burn;

And up the east another day Shall chase the bitter dark away; What though our eyes with tears be wet? The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore Our light and hope and joy once more: Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet.





SONGS.

SHAKSPERE.

ARIEL'S SONG.

HERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry;

On the bat's back I do fly.

After summer merrily,

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

THE FAIRY TO PUCK.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere.
And I serve the Fairy Queen;
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,—
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors.

I must go seek some dew-drops here, And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

AMIENS'S SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK!

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise.

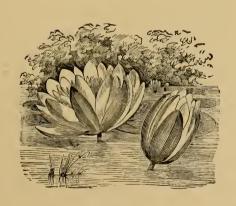
Under the greenwood-tree

Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither;

songs.

Here shall he see No enemy, But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.





THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;Let fires of vengeance die;And, purged from sin, may I beholdA God of purity!





THE BOWER OF BLISS.

E. SPENSER.

HERE the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others' happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting
high,

The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,

The trembling groves, the crystal running by,
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So striving each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be:
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
The angelical soft trembling voices made
To the instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall:
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.





NATURE'S HYMNS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

[By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]
And to her voice the solemn ocean lent,
Touching its harp of sand, a deep accompaniment.

HE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,

And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up From many a mountain shrine; From folded leaf and dewy cup She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud, Or low with sobs of pain,— The thunder-organ of the cloud, The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed The twilight forest grieves, Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame With which her years began, And all her signs and voices shame The prayerless heart of man.



MAJESTY OF GOD.

T. STERNHOLD.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

Give glory to his awful name, And honor him alone; Give worship to his majesty, Upon his holy throne.



"NO, NOT MORE WELCOME."

TOM MOORE.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heaven is near,—
Than came that voice, when all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.



BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

UCH beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all;
I've looked on hands in form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands;
Tho' heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad;
I often weep, as looking back,
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're growing feeble now,
And time and toil have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow;

Alas, alas! the nearing time,

The sad, sad day to me,

When 'neath the daisies, cold and white,

These hands will folded be.

But Obeyond these shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams thro' endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.

J. DRYDEN.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born, Greece, Italy, and England did adorn. The first in loftiness of thought surpassed; The next in majesty; in both the last. The force of Nature could no further go; To make a third, she joined the former two.





WOMAN'S VOICE.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

OT in the swaying of the summer trees,

When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—

Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,

Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,

Is earth's best music; these may leave awhile

High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking

cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger and to bear the harn—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is! and ever lent
To truth, and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift by the all gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known:
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrow'd—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrow'd.

An excellent thing it is—when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens at its sadness—
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low, gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares—
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strongest thoughts, and wild, unwonted fears;
Then, then, a woman's low, soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,

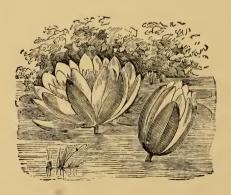
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone.

That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—

How their two hearts are one, and she his own;

It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells

That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells.





WE SHALL KNOW.

ANNIE HERBERT.

HEN the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray,—
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err, in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the plain that hides away,—
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Love, beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone, In the dawning of the morning, When the mists have cleared away.





LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross,
Sweet after bitter,
Song after fears,
Home after wandering,
Praise after tears.

Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Light after mystery,
Peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb;
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss;
Right was the pathway
Leading to this!



THE FREE MIND.

W. L. GARRISON.

High walls and huge the body may confine, And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze, And massive bolts may baffle his design, And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways: Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control! No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose: Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole, And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes! It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers: It visits home, to hear the fireside tale, Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours. 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar, And, in its watches, wearies every star!





THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

OUTH Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay;

And over on the wooded hight we held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still; the day died slow and wan.

At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sargeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood Our briarwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed, (Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often dreamed.)

And as we stared her little hand went to her curly head In grave salute: "And who are you?" at length the sargeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped out "Who is me?

Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery B.

- "My home? Why, that was burned away, and Pa and Ma are dead,
- And so I ride the guns all day along with Sargeant Ned.
- "And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too, And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review.
- "But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,
- And so they're cross—why, even Ned won't play with me and joke.
- "And the big colonel said to-day—I hate to hear him swear—
- He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yank had over there;
- "And so I thought when beat the drum and the big guns were still,
- I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill
- "And beg, good mister Yankee man, you'd give me some Lone Jack;
- Please do—when we get some again I'll surely bring it back.
- "Indeed I will, for Ned—says he—"if I do what I say, I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."
- We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you should have heard her laugh
- As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,

Until the sargeant's husky voice said "'Tention squad," and, then

We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word Till after awhile a far, hoarse shout upon the wind we heard;

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes on the scene around; A baby's hand had touched the ties that brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,

And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell,

Our General often rubbed his glass, and marveled much to see

Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.





A LOVE SONG.

A. P. GRAVES.

Ah! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
Jewel of joys, arise!
The little red lark, like a rosy spark,
Unto his sunbarst flies,
But till you are risen, earth is a prison,
Full of my captive sighs.
Then wake, and discover to your fond lover
The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me; hark, oh! hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray,
And gently gliding out of thy hiding,
Dazzle me with thy day!
And oh! I'll fly to thee, singing, and sigh to thee,
Passion so sweet and gay,
The lark shall listen, and dewdrops glisten,
Laughing on every spray.





THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

C. WILCOX.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find asweet relief?

Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?

Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?

Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.—

'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold

Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there

Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,

Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,

Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.



THE MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF OCEAN.

ONELY and wild it rose,

That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose
An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,
Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,
Thrilled a rich peal triumphantly around,
And fled again.

O boundless deep! we know
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom concealed,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colors with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O restless main!
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
That thus the watery realm cannot contain
The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!

Are thy wild children like thyself arrayed,

Strong in immortal and unchecked delight,

Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
Toiling with wo, and passion's fiery sting,
Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,
As the winds bring?

Alas for human thought!

How does it flee existence, worn and old,

To win companionship with beings wrought

Of finer mold!

'Tis vain the reckless waves
Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown.

-Walsh's National Gazette.





SPRING.

N. P. WILLIS.

HE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and
flowers;

And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.

Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal, To teach the indolent heart it still must *fcel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this, Save in forgetting the immortal dream; spring, 251

We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul will lift its eye
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.





ON THE DEATH OF J. R. DRAKE.

F. G. HALLECK.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!

None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying, From eyes unused to weep, And long, where thou art lying, Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow,

To clasp thy hand in mine,

Who shared thy joy and sorrow,

Whose weal and wo were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.





THANATOPSIS.

W. C. BRYANT.

[Thanatopsis—one of the first and best poems of the American Homer—was published in 1817, in the North American Review, and at once attracted the merited attention which has never abated. This "Hymr of Death" is as sublime and beautiful as a Himalayan peak bathed in the rays of the rising sun. The following verses were prefixed to Thanatopsis at first:

OT that from life, and all its woes,

The hand of death shall set me free;

Not that this head shall then repose,

In the low vale, most peacefully.

"Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

"In vain the flattering verse may breathe
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife;
There is a sacred dread of death,
Inwoven with the strings of life.

"This bitter cup at first was given, When angry Justice frowned severe; And 'tis the eternal doom of Heaven,

That man must view the grave with fear."

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language. For his gaver hours She has a voice of gladness, and a smile And eloquence of beauty; and she glides Into his darker musings with a mild And gentle sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts Of the last bitter hour come like a blight Over thy spirit, and sad images Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall, And breathless darkness, and the narrow house. Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,— Go forth unto the open sky, and list To nature's teachings, while from all around--Earth and her waters, and the depths of air-Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee The all-beholding sun shall see no more In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground, Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears, Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again; And, lost each human trace, surrendering up Thine individual being, shalt thou go To mix forever with the elements. To be a brother to the insensible rock And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills, Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales, Stretching in pensive quietness between; The venerable woods: rivers that move In majesty; and the complaining brooks, That make the meadow green; and, poured round all, Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,— Are but the solemn decorations all Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, The planets, all the infinite host of heaven, Are shining on the sad abodes of death, Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread The globe are but a handful to the tribes That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce; Or lose thyself in the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound, Save his own dashings; yet—the dead are there; And millions in those solitudes, since first The flight of years began, have laid them down In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall Unnoticed by the living, and no friend Take note of thy departure? All that breathe Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase

His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.





DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

HE soldiers of the king trod to and fro, Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief, The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier, And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly, As if he feared the slumberer might stir.

A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "my father," from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself A moment on his child: then, giving him A look of melting tenderness, he clasped His hands convulsively, as if in prayer; And, as a strength were given him of God, He rose up calmly, and composed the pall Firmly and decently, and left him there, As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

W. R. SPENCER.

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime, Unheeded flew the hours; How noiseless falls the foot of Time That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks

The ebbing of his glass,

When all its sands are diamond sparks

That dazzle as they pass!

Ah! who to sober measurement Time's happy swiftness brings, When birds of Paradise have lent Their plumage to its wings?





THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

C. SPRAGUE.

AY, guiltless pair,

What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep:
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,

Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,

And join the choirs that sing

In you blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.





THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO.

BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

[By permission of S. C. Griggs & Co.]

A WONDERFUL stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,

As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow, And the summers like buds between, And the year in the sheaf,—so they come and they go, On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow, As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore By the Mirage is lifted in air,

And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,

When the wind down the river is fair.

O remember'd for aye, be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight!





THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time, or soon or late,
When every word unkindly spoken,
Returns with all the force of fate,
To bear reproof from spirits broken,
Who slumber in that tranquil rest,
Which waking cares no more molest.

Oh! were the wealth of worlds our own,
We freely would the treasures yield,
If eyes that here their last have shone,
If lips in endless silence sealed,
One look of love o'er us might cast,
Might breathe forgiveness to the past.

When anger arms the thoughtless tongue,
To wound the feelings of a friend,
Oh! think ere yet his heart be wrung,
In what remorse thy wrath may end;
Withhold to-day the words of hate,
To-morrow it may be too late.





A WISH.

S. ROGERS.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch Shall twitter from her clay built nest; Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch, And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring

Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing

In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.





LINES WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

W. WORDSWORTH.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
But,heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colors shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow!





WHO WILL CARE.

Who will care?
When we lay beneath the daisies,
Underneath the churchyard mold,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the ills of earthly life—
Sleep, to know no sad to-morrow,
With its bitterness of strife—
Who will care?

Who will care?

Who will come to weep above us,
Lying, oh! so white and still,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
And the world is clad in splendor
That the years shall e'er repeat—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast,

Never more to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us,
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

NIGHT AND DEATH.

J. BLANCO WHITE,

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report Divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
Thisglorius canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?





THE BABY.

No shoes to hide her tiny toes, No stockings on her feet; Her supple ankles white as snow, Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink, Her double, dimpled chin, Her puckered lip and balmy mouth, With not one tooth within.

Her eyes so like her mother's eyes, Two gentle liquid things; Her face is like an angel's face— We're glad she has no wings.

She is the budding of our love,
A gift God gave to us;
We must not love the gift o'er well,
'Twould be no blessing thus.

—Changed from the Scotch.





THE DYING WIFE.

н. м. т.

AY my babe upon my bosom,

Let me feel her sweet, warm breath;
A strange chill is passing o'er me,
And I know that it is death.

Let me gaze once more on the treasure
Scarcely given, ere I go;
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheeks of snow.

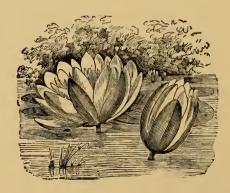
I am passing through the waters; But the blessed shore appears. Kneel beside me, husband dearest, Let me kiss away thy tears. Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob Strove from midnight until day; It will seem an angel visit When it vanishes away.

Lay my babe upon my bosom—
'Tis not long I'll know she's there.
See how to my heart she nestles—
'Tis a pearl I'd love to wear.

Tell her sometimes of her mother; You will call her by my name. Shield her from the winds of sorrow, If she errs, oh! gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer when she calls; And my breath shall stir her ringlets When my voice in whisper falls, And her mild, blue eyes will brighten She will wonder whence it came— In her heart when years roll o'er her, She will find her mother's name.

If in after years, beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
If her voice is sweeter music,
And her face than mine, more fair,
If a cherub calls thee "Father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love your first-born, oh! my husband,
Turn not from the motherless.





NEW POEM BY LORD BYRON.



N the dome of my sires as the clear moonbeam falls

Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls.

It shines from afar like the glories of old:

It gilds but it warms not,—'tis dazzling but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days; 'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays, When the stars are on high and the dews on the ground, And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er-echoes the gray floor of stone Falls sullenly now, for 'tis only my own; And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth, And empty the goblets, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall The brightness of old to illumine our hall; And vain was the hope to avert our decline, And the fame of my fathers has faded to mine.

And theirs was the wealth and the fullness of fame, And mine to inherit too haughty a name;

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And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore, And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall, Too hoary to fade and too massy to fall; It tells not of time's or the tempest's decay, But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway.





AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

J. MILTON.

LEST pair of syrens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters. Voice and Verse.
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,

Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce: And to our high-raised phantasy present That undisturbed song of pure concent,

Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious poise:

That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
Oh, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God, ere long,
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.



THE SONG OF STEAM.

The following fine poem, by George W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky. Blackwood pronounced "the best lyric of the century:"

> ARNESS me down with your iron bands; Be sure of your curb and rein: For I scorn the power of your puny hands, As a tempest scorns a chain! How I laugh'd as I lay conceal'd from sight For many a countless hour, At the childish boast of human might, And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land, A navy upon the seas. Creeping along, a snail-like band, Or waiting a wayward breeze; When I marked the peasant fairly ree With the toil which he faintly bore, As he feebly turned the tardy wheel, Or toiled at the weary oar:

When I measured the panting courser's speed. The flight of the courier-dove, As they bore the law a king decreed, Or the lines of impatient love— I could not but think how the world would feel, As these were outstripp'd afar, When I should be bound to the rushing keel,

Or chain'd to the flying car!

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laugh'd in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power;
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blessed,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and ore of earth,
The thought of his god like mind,
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of a glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up,
From hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!



MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

DINAH MULOCH-CRAIK.

OOK on his pretty face for just one minute,
His braided frock, his dainty buttoned shoes,
His firm shut hand, the favorite plaything in it
And tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy as dear and charming,

His father's hope, his mother's one delight,

Slips through strange sickness, all fear disarming,

And lives a long, long life in parents' sight!

Mine was so short a pride!

And then my poor boy died?

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are;
When good-night kisses I all around am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him, though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies,
(Nothing but childish daisies, all year round),
Continually God's hand the curtain raises,
And I can hear his merry voice's sound
And feel him at my side—
My little boy that died.

-By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."





THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Y Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time Her crown of verdure weaves, And all the trees on all the hills Opened their thousand leaves; So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,

His comrades in the war,

With arms reversed and muffled drum,

Follow the funeral car;

They show the banners taken,

They tell his battles won,

And after him lead his masterless steed,

While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pine like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In this strange grave without a name
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought,
Before the Judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.



THE OLD CANOE.

EMILY R. PAGE.



HERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep, And the waters below look dark and deep, Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride Leans gloomily over the murky tide; Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank, And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank; Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through, There lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settled down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its moldering dust away—
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—But the light wind plays with the boat at will, And lazily in and out again, It floats the length of the rusty chain, Like the weary march of the hands of time, That meet and part at the noontide chime, And the shore is kissed at each turn anew, By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs thick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side—
And lookeá below in the broken tide—
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But, now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that sped,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green grass grew
O'er the moldering stern of the old canoe.





ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

GEN. W. H. LYTLE.



AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Harken to the great heart secrets,
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow;
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,

Ere his star fades quite away, Him who drunk with thy caresses, Madly flung a world away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her, say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious Sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!





FROM "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

J. THOMSON.

HIS globe pourtray'd the race of learned men, Still at their books, and turning o'er the page, Backwards and forwards; oft they snatch the pen,

As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage; Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage;

Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

Their only labour was to kill the time (And labour dire it is, and weary woe;)
They sit, and loll; turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours and hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapoury god, soft breathing in the wind.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.





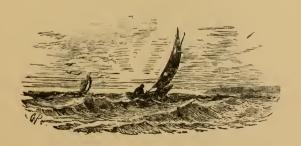
THE EVENING CLOUD.

JOHN WILSON.



CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in the very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul, To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given; And by the breath of mercy made to roll Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven, Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies, And tells to man his glorious destinies.





THY VOICE.

P. B. MARSTON.

HY voice is like the sea's voice, when it makes
A melancholy music on the beach.

Thy voice is in the winds, when birds beseech

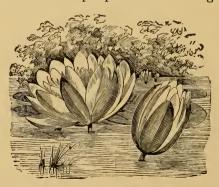
The twilight time with song. The stream that takes

Its way from out the hill by flowery brakes
Has in its tones the sweetness of thy speech.
At night when all is still, and faint sounds reach
The ear of one who having slept awakes

Full of his dream, thy voice floats through the night, In music sad as Autumn winds that blow

'Mid yellowing woods in the sun's waning light, Compassionate, persistent, clear, and low.

And when the world is fading out of sight, Thy voice shall whisper peace and bid me go.





ODE TO EVENING.

W. COLLINS.

F AUGHT of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,—

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired Sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts, With braid ethereal wove, O'er hang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat, With short, shrill shriek flits on leathern wing; Or where the beetle winds His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale, May not unseemly with its stillness suit; As, musing slow, I hail Thy genial, loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows His paly circlet, at his warning lamp, The fragrant Hours, and Elves Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge.

And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,

The pensive Pleasures sweet,

Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene; Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells, Whose walls more awful nod By thy religious gleams.

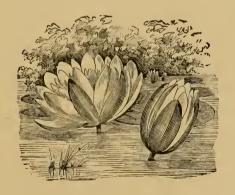
Or, if chill, blustering winds, or driving rain, Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut That from the mountain's side Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires; And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all Thy dewy fingers draw The gradual, dusky vail.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont, And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve! While Summer loves to sport Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves; Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air, Affrights thy shrinking train, And rudely rends thy robes,—

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!





ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.



WAS the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,

And Annie and Willie had crept into bed; There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,

And each little bosom was heavy with sighs— For to-night their stern father's command had been given

That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of at eight, for they troubled him more
With their questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as Santa Claus ever had been,
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year;
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten, Not a word had been spoken by either till then, When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep And whispered: "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"

"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies, "I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes, For somehow it makes me sorry because Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus. Now we know that there is, and it can't be denied, For he came every year before mamma died. But then I've been thinking that she used to pray, And God would hear everything mamma would say. And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here, With the sacks full of presents he brought every year." "Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then, And ask him to send us some presents aden?" "I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more Four little feet bounded out on the floor, And four little knees the soft carpet pressed, And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe,
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the Amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
"Dear Jesus look down on my brother and me
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And a beautiful work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get angry and fretful again
At dear brother Willie and Annie—Amen!"

"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Claus tum down to-night And bring us some presents before it is light; I want he would dive me a nice 'ittle sled, With bright shining yunners and all painted yed; A box full of tandy, a book and a toy— Amen—and den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads, And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds. They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep. And with fairies in dream-land were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten.
Ere the father had thought of his children again.
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs.
And see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed.
But then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But, of course, they've forgotten their troubles ere this.
And that I denied them the thrice-asked for kiss.
But just to make sure I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers:
His Annie's "Bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange! Strange! I'd forgotten," he said, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed;"
Then he turned to the stair and softly went down,
Threw off velvet-slippers and silk dressing-gown.
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,

From the box full o' candy to the tiny gold ring. Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store That the various presents outnumbered a score. Then homeward he turned with his holiday load, And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed: Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree, By the side of a table spread out for her tea; A work-box well filled in the center was laid, And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed; A soldier in uniform stood by a sled, With bright, shining runners, and all painted red. There were balls, dogs and horses, all pleasing to see, And birds of all colors were perched in the trees, While Santa Claus laughing, stood up in the top, As if getting ready more presents to drop. And as the good father the picture surveyed He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid. And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear; "I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year. I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before; What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more? Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe, To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve." So thinking, he softly extinguished the light, And tripped down stairs to retire for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,

And shouted for papa to come quick and see What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night-Just the things that they wanted—and left before light, And now added Annie, in a voice soft and low: "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know"-While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee. Determined no secret between them should be. And told in soft whispers how Annie had said That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead, Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair. And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer. "Then we dot up and prayed dest as well as we tood, And Dod answered our prayers—now wasn't He dood?" "I should say that He was if He sent you all these, And knew just what presents my children would please, (Well, well, let him think so—the dear little elf, 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father, who caused your stern heart to relent, And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent? 'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs, And made you His agent to answer their prayers.







4 Game Two Can Play.



WITH THE STREAM.

RIFTING along the river, all gleaming

With sun-jewels, that sparkled and played on
its breast,

Down thro' the golden-cupped lillies, and dreaming

Of love, as they floated on into the West;

On past the banks, where the tall grasses, waving Kist the cool stream as they bended them low; No sound to be heard in the deep stillness, saving The water's monotonous, musical flow;

Past where the swan mid the sedges was sleeping,

Her head 'neath her feathers, unruffled and white,

And where thro' the brushwood the rabbit was peeping,

As if make to sure there was no one in sight;

Past where the deep blue forget-me-nots flooded

The space where they bloomed with a heavenly glow,
Where daffodils stoopt from the banks which they

studded.

Reflecting themselves in the water below.

Unconscious the two in the boat as it drifted
Of everything round them, and silent was each;
For the youth, as he gazed in the sweet eyes uplifted,
Discoursed in a language unfettered by speech!



RAIN ON THE ROOF.

COATES KINNEY.



HEN the humid shadows hover over all the starry spheres,

And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,

What a bliss to press the pillow of a cottage-chamber bed,

And to listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart; And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start, And a thousand recollections weave their air-threads into woof, As I listen to the patter of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother, as she used, in years agone,

To regard the darling dreamers ere she left them till the dawn:

So I see her leaning o'er me, as I list to this refrain Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with the wings and waving hair, And her star-eyed cherub brother—a serene angelic pairGlide around my wakeful pillow, with their praise or mild reproof,

As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue;

And I mind not, musing on her, that her heart was all

untrue:

I remember but to love her with a passion kin to pain, And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence that can work with such a spell

In the soul's mysterious fountains, whence the tears of rapture well,

As that melody of nature, that subdued, subduing strain, Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.





THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

. BYRON.

There be none of beauty's daughters .

With a magic like thee;

And like music on the waters

Is thy sweet voice to me:

When, as if its sounds were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.





THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

A. POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame, Quit, oh quit this mortal frame, Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, Oh the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper: angels say, "Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes: it disappears:
Heaven opens on my eyes: my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?



BISHOP KEN'S DOXOLOGY.

Thomas Ken was born in England, in 1637, and died there in 1710. His morning hymn, which ends with this doxology, was written in 1697, at Oxford, for the students in Winchester College. Mr. H. Butterworth, in his "Story of the Hymns," says this unparalleled doxology "is suited to all religious occasions, to all Christian denominations, to all times, places, and conditions of men, and has been translated into all civilized tongues, and adopted by the church universal. Written more than two hundred years ago, it has become the grandest tone in the anthem of earth's voices continually rising to heaven. As England's drum-call follows the sun, so the tongues that take up this grateful ascription of praise are never silent, but incessantly encircle the earth with their melody." The stanza has been somewhat changed by the hymn-tinkers, as the original reads:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye angelic host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."





TO THE ORGAN.

c. p. w.

Utterer of many thoughts which else were still,
How oft have I
Evoked thy harmony,
The voiceless void in my poor heart to fill.

Sweet solace of my loneliness or grief,
It is to thee
And thy grand minstrelsy
That I resort for pleasure or relief.

Thy diapason tones' deep, distant swell,

Like ocean's roar,

Or songs from sea-shell's core,

Waken fine chords deep hid in fancy's cell.

Oft-times at even, when my mind is fraught
With visions high,
Or some strange fantasy,
Thy glowing tones give utterance to my thought.

Devotion gains from thee a warmer tone,

Thine undersong

Carries the soul along,

Until it seems to reach the Eternal Throne.



SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

BYRON.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,

Had half impair'd the nameless grace,

Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face;

Where thoughts serenely sweet express,

How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent.
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!



NEVER DESPAIR.

W. C. RICHARDS.

HIS motto I give to the young and the old,

More precious by far than a treasure of gold;

'Twill prove to its owner a talisman rare,

More potent than magic—'tis Never Despair!

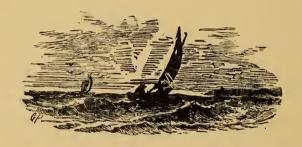
No, never despair, whatsoe'er be thy lot, If Fortune's gay sunshine illumine it not;

Mid its gloom, and despite its dark burden of care, If thou canst not be cheerful, yet, Never Despair!

Oh! what if the sailor a coward should be, When the tempest comes down, in its wrath on the sea, And the mad billows leap, like wild beasts from their lair To make him their prey, if he yield to Despair?

But see him amid the fierce strife of the waves, When around his frail vessel the storm demon raves; How he rouses his soul up to do and to dare! And, while there is life left, will Never Despair!

Thou, too, art a sailor, and Time is the sea, And life the frail vessel that upholdeth thee; Fierce storms of misfortune will fall to thy share, But, like the bold mariner, Never Despair! Let not the wild tempest thy spirit affright, Shrink not from the storm, tho' it come in its might; Be watchful, be ready, for shipwreck prepare, Keep an eye on the life-boat, and Never Despair.





TO THE EVENING WIND.

W. C. BRYANT.

["The Talisma" has contained some very beautiful poetry, each year of its publication; but this,—we had almost said it is the sweetest thing in the language. Not in any one of the Souvenirs, either English or American, has there ever appeared a page of such pure, deep, finished poetry. It has all the characteristics of Bryant's style—his chaste elegance, both in thought and expression,—ornament enough, but not in profusion or display,—imagery that is natural, appropriate, and, in this instance, peculiarly soothing,—select and melodious language,—harmony in the flow of the stanza,—gentleness of feeling, and richness of philosophy."— Geo. B. Cheever's Poets of America, p. 265.

PIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high
their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round Inhale thee in the fulness of delight; And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound Livelier, at coming of the wind of uight;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the littlewood-bird in his nest,

Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,

Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'er-shadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head

To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread

His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,

Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to the murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.



HYMN OF NATURE.

W. O. B. PEABODY.

OD of the earth's extended plains!

The dark green fields contented lie:

The mountains rise like holy towers,

Where man might commune with the sky:

The tall cliff challenges the storm

That lowers upon the vale below,

Where shaded fountains send their streams,

With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!

The waves lie sleeping on the sands,

Till the fierce trumpet of the storm

Have summoned up their thundering bands;

Then the white sails are dashed like foam,

Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,

Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale

Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!

The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;

But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!

Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!

How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rambow's rings!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!

Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come, And nature's self to dust return: Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

WHAT IS NOBLE.

C. SWAIN.

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our Mind and Heart;
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for Man!





YOU REMEMBER IT--DON'T YOU?

THOMAS H. BAYLEY.

You remember the time when I first sought your home, When a smile, not a word, was the summons to come? When you called me a friend, till you found with surprise That our frendship turned out to be love in disguise.

You remember it,—don't you?
You will think of it,—won't you?
Yes, yes, of this the remembrance will last,
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when shared? With the bliss you remember, could aught be compared? You remember how fond was my earliest vow? Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee now.

You remember it,—don't you?
You will think of it,—won't you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last,
Long after the present fades into the past.





REVENGE OF INJURIES.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

HE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife.
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,

To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But, if of baser metal be his mind,

In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and can not yield;
Because they can not yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but seld;
The weakest lion will the loudest roar;
Truth's school for certain did this same allow;
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:—
To scorn to owe a duty over long;

To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind.
Do we his body from our fury save,

And let our hate prevail against his mind? What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be, Than make his foe more worthy far than he?





THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

H! the old clock of the household stock

Was the brightest thing and the neatest:
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.

'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few.
Yet they lived through nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young
When the voice of friendship faltered;

"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For nine I've given warning;
Up, up and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time, with a merry chime,
The Wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray on the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed—
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever;
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed—
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning."
—Christian Intelligencer.





A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken!
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth, Full many a budding flower, Which had a smile but owned its birth, Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.





I SAW THEE WEEP.

GEORGE G. BYRON.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue:
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
That lightens o'er the heart.





NAPOLEON AT REST.

J. PIERPONT.

IS falchion flashed along the Nile,
His host he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
His eagle-flag unrolled-and froze!

Here sleeps he now, alone!—not one,

Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust; nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind the sea-girt rock, the star

That led him on from crown to crown
Has sunk, and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down

High is his tomb: the ocean flood,Far, far below, by storms is curled—As round him heaved, while high he stood,A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps: the mountain cloud,

That night hangs round him, and the breath

Of morning scatters, is the shroud

That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far off world at last
Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its miters cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! Comes there from the pyramids,And from Siberian wastes of snow,And Europe's hills, a voice that bidsThe world be awed to mourn him?—No!

The only, the perpetual dirge,

That's heard here is the sea-bird's cry—

The mournful murmur of the surge,

The clouds' deep voice, the wind's low sigh.





AND THOU ART DEAD.

GEORGE GORDON (LORD) BYRON.

ND thou art dead, as young and fair,
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,

There is an eye which could not brook A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last

As fervently as thou,

Who didst not change through all the past,

And canst not alter now.

The love where Death has set his seal,

Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,

Nor falsehood disavow:

And, what were worse, thou canst not see

Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away,
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to day;
Since earthly eye but ill but bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last:
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;

As stars that shoot along the sky Shine brightest as they fall from high

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.





ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

BEN JONSON.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman; Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive; That would I have you do; and not to spend Your coin on every bauble that you fancy, Or every foolish brain that humors you.

I'd have you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, (at first,)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it.





SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

N. P. WILLIS.

LOVE to look on a scene like this,

Of wild and careless play,

And persuade myself that I am not old,

And my locks are not yet gray;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart.

And it makes his pulses fly,

To catch the thrill of a happy voice,

And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four score years;
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I'bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there, In the midst of your merry ring; I can feel the thrill of the daring jump, And the rush of the breathless swing. I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low:
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.





THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

["This piece is, perhaps, the finest of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry. It is in some respects so sublime, that it forcibly reminds us of Coleridge's Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny."—George B. Cheever's Poets of America, p. 309.]

EEK dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye?—Did some white-winged messenger

On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?

—Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand, Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice, And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils O'er slippery steeps, or trembling, treads the verge Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge Is to eternity, looks shuddering up, And marks ye in your placid loveliness—

Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands, Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp Of mountain summits rushing on the sky, And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe, He bows to bind you drooping to his breast, Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale, And freer dreams of heaven.





EVENING.

LORD BYRON.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So so ftly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.





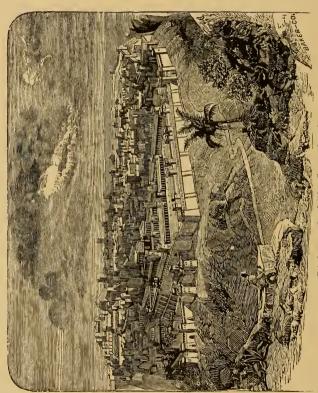
BROWN LARK AND BLACKBIRD.

O brown lark, loving cloud-land best, And sun-smit seas of sky, Thee doth a musical unrest Drive to rise upward from thy nest Far fathoms high.



O fluid-fluting blackbird, keep
The midnight of thy wing
Close to my home, where leaves grow deep,
Since where two lovers lie asleep,
Thou lov'st to sing.





"Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!"



A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

E. H. SEARS.

ALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back a glad reply,
And greet from all their holy hights
The Dayspring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm; And Sharon waves in solemn praise Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies

Loud with their anthems ring:

"Peace on the earth—good-will to men From Heaven's Eternal King."

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!

The Savior now is born!

More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains

Breaks the first Christmas morn;

And brighter on Moriah's brow, Crowned with her temple spires, Which first proclaim the newborn light, Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian tongues be mute, And Christian hearts be cold? O catch the anthem that from heaven O'er Judah's mountains rolled!

When nightly burst from seraph harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"





GONE BEFORE.

HERE'S a beautiful face in the silent air

Which follows me ever and near,

With its smiling eyes and amber hair,

With voiceless lips, yet with breath of pray'r,

That I feel, but I cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold,
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old;
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,

And a cross laid down in the dust;

There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is come again,
Singing her same old songs;
But oh! it sounds like a sob of pain
As it floats in sunshine and in rain,
O'er the hearts of the world's great throngs.

There's a beautiful region above the skies, And I long to reach its shore, For I know I shall find my treasure there, The laughing eyes and the amber hair Of the loved one gone before.

A FAREWELL.

C. KINGSLEY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey,
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you

For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song.





SERENADE.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

OOK out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.



WYOMING.

F. G. HALLECK.

HOU com 'st in beauty, on my gaze at last,
"On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming!"
Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters, gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,

As by the poet borne, on unseen wing, I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies, The Summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,
In life, a vision of the brain no more.
I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;
And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
Within a bower of sycamores am laid;
And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,
Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar:
And there are tales of sad reality,
In the dark legends of thy border war,
With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mind,
The bard's creations, molded not of clay,
Hearts to strange bliss and suffering assigned—
Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldegrave—where are they?
We need not ask. The people of to day
Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
And hospitable too—for ready pay,—
With manners, like their roads, a little rough,
And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, tho' tough.

Judge Hallenbach, who keeps the toll-bridge gate,
And the town records, is the Albert now
Of Wyoming; like him, in church and state,
Her Doric column; and upon his brow
The thin hairs, white with seventy winters' snow,
Look patriarchal. Waldegrave 'twere in vain
To point out here, unless in yon scare-crow,
That stands full-uniformed upon the plain,
To frighten flocks of crows and blackbirds from the grain.

For he would look particularly droll In his "Iberian boot" and "Spanish plume," And be the wonder of each Christian soul, As of the birds that scare-crow and his broom. But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom, Hath many a model here, for woman's eye, In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home, Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high To be o'er-praised even by her worshiper—Poesy.

There's one in the next field—of sweet sixteen—Singing and summoning thoughts of beauty born In heaven—with her jacket of light green, "Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn," Without a shoe or stocking,—hoeing corn. Whether, like Gertrude, she oft wanders there, With Shakspeare's volume in her bosom borne, I think is doubtful. Of the poet-player The maiden knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire.

There is a woman, widowed, gray, and old,
Who tells you where the foot of Battle stepped
Upon their day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers slept
Shrouldless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave,
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
And there, wild laurels, planted on the grave,
By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of you orchard hill
Are marks where time-worn battlements have been;
And in the tall grass traces linger still
Of "arrowy frieze and wedged ravelin."
Five hundred of her brave that Valley green
Trod on the morn in soldier-spirit gay;
But twenty lived to tell the noon-day scene—
And where are now the twenty? Pass'd away.
Has Death no triumph-hours, save on the battle day?



DEATH'S FIRST DAY.

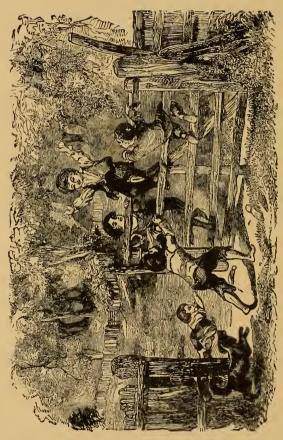
[The following beautiful descriptive lines are the best in Byron's Giaour (Jour, an infidel;—applied by the Turks to disbelievers in Mohammedanism.—Webster.) His note annexed to the succeding passages gives an accurate idea of Byron's prose style: "I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after 'the spirit is not there.' It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of langour, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab, the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last."]

E who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The langour of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,

Where cold Obstructions's apathy Appals the gazing mourner's heart, As if to him it could impart The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon: Yes, but for these and these alone. Some moments, av, one treacherous hour, He still might doubt the tyrant's power; So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd, The first, last look by death reveal'd! Such is the aspect of this shore: 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more! So coldly sweet, so deadly fair, We start, for soul is wanting there. Hers is the loveliness in death. That parts not quite with parting breath; But beauty with that fearful bloom. That hue which haunts it to the tomb. Expression's last receding ray, A gilded halo hovering round decay, The farewell beam of Feeling passed away! Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth, Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!







"The children have upon it clung, And, in and out, with rapture swung."



THE OLD FARM GATE.

E. J. HALL.

HE old farm gate hangs, sagging down, On rusty hinges, bent and brown; Its latch is gone, and, here and there It shows rude traces of repair.

That old farm gate has seen, each year,
The blossoms bloom and disappear:
The bright green leaves of Spring unfold,
And turn to Autumn's red and gold.

The children have upon it clung, And, in and out, with rapture swung, When their young hearts were good and pure— When hope was fair and faith was sure.

Beside that gate, have lovers true
Told the old story, always new;
Have made their vows, have dreamed of bliss,
And sealed each promise with a kiss.

The old farm gate has opened wide To welcome home the new-made bride, When lilacs bloomed, and locusts fair With their sweet fragrance filled the air. That gate, with rusty weight and chain, Has closed upon the solemn train That bore her lifeless form away, Upon a dreary Autumn day.

The lichens gray and mosses green Upon its rotting posts are seen; Initials, carved with youthful skill, Long years ago, are on it still.

Yet dear to me above all things, By reason of the thoughts it brings, Is that old gate, now sagging down, On rusty hinges, bent and brown.





SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

W. D. GALLAGHER.



SONG for the early times out west,
And our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come:
A song for the free and gladsome life
In those early days we led,

In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o'erhead!
O the waves of life danced merrily,

And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty YEARS AGO!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer;
The camp, the big, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,
By our camp-fire blazing high —
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
O merrily passed the time, despite

Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty Years ago!

We shunned not labor; when 'twas due,
We wrought with right good will:
And, for the home we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met:
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
O pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

We felt that we were fellow-men;
We felt we were a band
Sustained here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And, when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only Good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty Years ago!

Our forest life was rough and rude, And dangers closed us round, But here, amid the green old trees, Freedom we sought and found. Oft through our dwellings wintry 'blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not—though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own!
O free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!

But now our course of life is short;
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land, more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be pioneers!
Yet while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were pioneers,
Fifty years ago!





BYRON'S FINEST IMAGE.

[The following lines, from Lord Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, refer to Henry Kirke White, a too ardent student, born at Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785, and died at Cambridge, England, Oct. 19, 1806. Byron says of H. K. White: "His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume."]

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring, And thy young muse just waved its joyous wing, The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there. Oh! what a noble heart was here undone. When Science 'self destroy'd her favorite son! Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit, She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit. 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow, And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low: So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain, No more through rolling clouds to soar again, Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart, And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart; Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel, He nurs'd the pinion which impelled the steel; While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest, Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.



KINDRED HEARTS.

MRS. HEMANS.

H! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—

Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone,

Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,—
Call his a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven!





THE WATER LILY.

FELICIA D. B. HEMANS.

H! beautiful thou art,Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!Crowning the depths, as with the light sereneOf a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The love of woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'MidstLife's dark sea.

And Faith—O, is not faith Like thee, too, Lily, springing into light, Still buoyantly above the billows' might, Through the storm's breath?

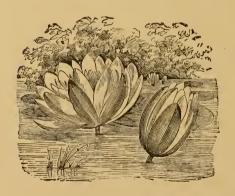
Yes, link'd with such high thought, Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie! Till something there of its own purity And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine

Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed

Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed.

As from a shrine.





THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

LORD BYRON.



HE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.

And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea.

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen; Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast, And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd; And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide, But through them there roll'd not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,

With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!





ANGEL VISITS.

MRS. HEMANS.

RE ye forever to your skies departed?

Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?

Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendor darted

Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore?

Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot, And ye—our faded earth beholds you not!

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
Man wander'd from his Paradise away;
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
Came down, high guests! in many a later day,
And with the Patriarchs, under vine or oak,
'Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,
Came the rich mysteries to the Sleeper's eye.
That saw your hosts ascending and descending
On those bright steps between the earth and sky;
Trembling he woke, and bow'd o'er glory's trace,
And worship'd, awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's brook ye pass'd, such radiance wearing
As mortal vision might but ill endure;
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure!
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive mount, by night appearing,
'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done!
Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,
Fraught with the breath of God, to aid his Son?—
Haply of those that, on the moon-lit plains,
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours! your heavenly dwelling Ye left, and by th' unseal'd sepulchral stone, In glorious raiment, sat; the weepers telling, That He they sought had triumph'd, and was gone! Nowhave ye left us for the brighter shore, Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
When, 'midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met?
Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,
When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,
Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?
Dreams!—but a deeper thought our souls may fill—
One, one is near—a spirit holier still!



AFTER THE STORM.

MRS. ANNIE HOWE (BISHOP) THOMSON.

A night without of wind and rain, And a night in my soul of grief and pain.

A night without of darkness and gloom, And a night in my soul because of a tomb.

A lonely tomb on the hillside made, Under the oak tree's sheltering shade.

A lowly grave where a loved one lies, With the shadow of death on brow and eyes;

And a pallor that only comes when life Is ended, with all of mortal strife.

With folded hands and a quiet breast:— Dear hands that never before knew rest!—

And close sealed lips that never again, Will make the way of life so plain

To faltering feet; nor will I prove The sweetness of all their words of love.

What wonder if anguish fills my breast, That sadden my days and break my rest!

What wonder if life and its pleasures seem But a fitful glow, and a fading dream !—

That I long in the same low bed to lie, Under this fair, sweet summer's sky.

Sleeping my last, long, dreamless sleep, From which I shall never awake to weep!

But, the night will go and the morning beam, And the storm die out as fading dream;

And the blue sky smile from its midnight pall, With the beautiful sunshine over all:

So, out of my heart this weary pain, With its night of grief and its storm and rain,

Will one day go, when the morn shall rise, Over the hills of paradise:

And my loved and lost shall walk with me, Under the shade of life's fair tree,

With a beaming eye and a radiant brow, Though silent and cold, and moldering now.

Then heart be still, and patient wait!
For soon will open each pearly gate—

Will open to you on realms of bliss, And closing shut out the griefs of this.





THE FLOWERS' YEAR.



OR March the violets come;
For April, daffodillies;
May and June the roses bloom,
In July the lilies.

In August comes the golden-rod,
Asters in September;
In October leaves grow red,
And fall off in November.

Then the flowers go to sleep,
In their warm earth-houses;
Every one through all the long
Winter snow-time drowses.

But when Spring comes, up they start:
Stretch their hands a minute—
"Time to do our Summer's work:
Violets, you begin it!"





A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

[The following is one of the most beautiful poems ever written on the subject. The author is supposed to have been Alfred Domett.]

T was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign.
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!—
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway:
What recked the Roman what befell
A paitry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Went plodding home a weary boor
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why.
The world was listening—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede,
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!

A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.



WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR.

HAT babe new-born is this That in a manger lies? Dear on her lowly bed His happy mother lies.

Watching the stars of old,
Wise men marveled at night,
When the gilded azure wide unrolled
With new and wondrous light.

On from the gates of morn
They followed the sign afar,
Saying: "Where is the king that is born."

Long had the world of night 'Waited the promised king;
She heard 'midst tears of wild delight
The sweep of the angel's wing.

The strength of sin was broke,
Death's fetters scattered far,
As glad the heavenly chorus woke,
"Lo, we have seen his star!"



QUESTIONS.

MRS. REBECCA N. HAZARD.

F for the welfare of the tree

Some branch, though filled with budding ife,
Tossed by the wind in dalliance free,
Is made to feel the pruner's knife,
Shall it complain?

And if to make the border gay,
When flowers feel the breath of June,
Some plants less fair be cast away
To fade and wither all too soon,
Who shall say nay?

If in the strife for highest good

My loss should be another's gain;

If some weak soul, in sorrowing mood,

Its peace should purchase through my pain,

Shall I repine?

Or if some thought born of my woe
A benison to others prove,
Though waked to life by fiercest throe,
Should it another's pang remove,
Can I be sad?

The answer's plain, and yet, ah me!
The human heart hath human needs,
And when 'gainst reason's high decree
For self and happiness it pleads,
What can avail?

THE SACRED HARP.

MRS. F. D. HEMANS.

How shall the Harp of poesy regain.

That old victorious tone of prophet-years,
A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,
And all the hovering shadows of the brain?

Dark evil wings took flight before the strain,
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,
Sank on the soul:—Oh! who may now recall

The mighty music's consecrated reign?—

Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung
A throne, the Ark's dread cherubim between,
So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,
O'er those two powers by whom the harp is strung—
Feeling and Thought!—till the rekindled chords
Give the long-buried tone back to immortal words!







"Awestruck, the silent children Hear the great harmony."



THE SILENT CHILDREN.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

HE light was low in the school-room,

The day before Christmas day,

Had ended. It was darkening in the garden,

Where the silent children play.

Throughout that House of Pity,
The soundless lessons said,
The noiseless sport suspended,
The voiceless tasks all said.

The little deaf-mute children,

As still as still could be,
Gathered about the master,

Sensitive, swift to see.

With their fine attentive fingers
And their wonderful, watchful eyes—
What dumb joy he would bring them
For the Christmas eve's surprise!

The lights blazed out in the school-room:

The play-ground went dark as death;
The master moved in a halo;

The children held their breath.

"I show you now a wonder—
The Audiphone," he said.
He spoke in their silent language,
Like the language of the dead.

And answering spake the children,
As the dead might answer too;
"But what for us, O master?
This may be good for you;

"But how is our Christmas coming Out of a wise machine? For not like other children's Have our happy hours been;

"And not like other children's
Can they now or ever be!"
But the master smiled through the halo;
"Just trust a mystery.

"O my children, for a little
As those who suffer must!
Great 'tis to bear denial,
But grand it is to trust."

Then to the waiting marvel

The listening children leant,
Like listeners, the shadows

Across the school-room bent.

Quick signalled then the master,
Sweet sang the hidden choir—
Their voices, wild and piercing,
Broke like a long desire

That to content has strengthened,
Glad the clear strains outrang:
"Nearer to Thee, oh, nearer!"
The pitying singers sang.

"Nearer to Thee, oh, nearer, Nearer, my God, to thee!" Awestruck, the silent children Hear the great harmony.

Happy that Christmas evening:
Wise was the master's choice,
Who gave the deaf-mute children
The blessed human voice.

Wise was that other Master,

Tender His purpose dim,
Who gave His Son on Christmas,
To draw us "nearer Him."

We are all but silent children,

Denied and deaf and dumb

Before His unknown science—

Lord, if Thou wilt, we come!

-Wide Awake





COUNSEL.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

F thou dost bid thy friend farewell,

Tho' but for one night that farewell may be.

Press thou his palm with thine!—how canst thou tell

How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet,
Ere that to morrow comes? Men have been known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears,
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between.
Or time or distance, clasp with pressure true,
The hand of him who goeth forth; unseen,
Fate goeth, too.

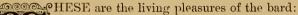
Yea, find thou alway time to say
Some earnest word between the idle talk;
Lest with thee henceforth, ever, night and day,
Regret should walk.



AFTER-LIFE OF THE POET'S WORKS.

JOHN KEATS.

[The following felicitous description is from this unfortunate poet's Epistle to his brother George, written in August, 1816, which appeared in his first volume of poems in 1817. After describing the poet's earthly life and its various experiences, Keats says:]



But richer far posterity's award.

What does he murmur with his latest breath, While his proud eye looks through the film of death?

"What though I leave this dull and earthly mould,

Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold With after times. —The patriot shall feel My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel; Or, in the senate thunder out my numbers To startle princes from their easy slumbers. The sage will mingle with each moral theme My happy thoughts sententious; he will teem With lofty periods when my verses fire him, And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him. Lays have I left of such a dear delight That maids will sing them on their bridal night.

Gay villagers, upon a morn of May, When they have tired their gentle limbs with play. And formed a snowy circle on the grass, And placed in midst of all that lovely lass Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red: For there the lily and the musk-rose, sighing Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying: Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble, A bunch of violets full bloom, and double, Serenely sleep:—she from a casket takes A little book,—and then a joy awakes About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries, And rubbing of white hands, and sparkling eyes: For she's to read a tale of hopes and fears; One that I fostered in my youthful years: The pearls, that on each glist'ning circlet sleep, Gush ever and anon with silent creep, Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest Shall the dear babe, upon it's mother's breast, Be lulled with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu! Thy dales, and hills, are fading from my view: Swiftly I mount, upon wide spreading pinious, Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions. Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air, That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair, And warm thy sons!"





A FLOWER FOR THE DEAD.



OU placed this flower in her hand, you say?
This pure, pale rose in her hand of clay?
Methinks could she lift her sealed eyes
They would meet your own with a grieved surprise.

She has been your wife for many a year, When clouds hung low and when skies were clear;

At your feet she laid her life's glad spring And her summer's glorious blossoming.

Her whole heart went with the hand you won; If its warm love waned as the years went on, If it chill'd in the grasp of an icy spell, What was the reason? I pray you tell.

You cannot? I can! and beside her bier My soul must speak, and your soul must hear: If she was not all that she might have been, Hers was the sorrow—yours the sin!

Whose was the fault if she did not grow Like a rose in the summer? Do you know? Does a lily grow when its leaves are chilled? Does it bloom when its root is winter-killed? For a little while, when you first were wed, Your love was like sunshine around her shed: Then a something crept between you two, You led where she could not follow you.

With a man's firm tread you went, and came; You lived for wealth, for power, for fame; Shut into her woman's work and ways, She heard the nation chant your praise.

But ah! you had dropped her hand the while, What time had you for a kiss, a smile! You two, with the same roof overhead, Were as far apart as the sundered dead!

You in your manhood's strength and prime; She—worn and faded before her time. 'Tis a common story. This rose you say You laid in her pallid hand to-day?

When did you give her a flower before? Ah, well, what matter, when all is o'er? Yet stay a moment; you'll wed again; I mean no reproach; 'tis the way of men.

But pray you think, when some fairer face Shines like a star from her wonted place, That love will starve if it is not fed, That true hearts pray for their daily bread.





A SINGING LESSON.

JEAN INGELOW.

NIGHTINGALE made a mistake—
She sang a few notes out of tune—
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to weep;
She tuck'd her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought that this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh, nightingale," cooed a dove,
"Oh, nightingale, what's the use?
You, a bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?

Don't skulk away from our sight Like a common, contemptible fowl; You bird of joy and delight, Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done—Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
But you need only speak."

The nightingale shyly took

Her head from under her wing,

And, giving the dove a look,

Straightway began to sing.

There was never a bird could pass—

The night was divinely calm—

And the people stood on the grass

To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care—
She only saug to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people who listened below
She knew but little about—
And this tale has a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.





OVER THE RIVER.

NANCIE A. W. PRIEST.

VER the river they becken so me—

Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side!

The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

But their voices are lost in the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,

And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own
blue;

He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the fantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,

And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail:
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.



THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

[The following exquisite lines, here complete, are from "Hymns of Hope and Faith" by Horatius Bonar, one of the religious laureates of "Auld Scotia."]

P and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,

The brief race of time well and patiently run, So let me pass away, peacefully, silently, Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises.—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,

That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,

And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness.

When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,—

So would I be to this world's weary dwellers, Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there be praise of the love-written record,

The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?

The things we have lived for,—let them be our story,

We, ourselves, but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing,
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,

To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;

He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,

He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.





THINGS OF BEAUTY.

KEATS.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases: it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing A flowery band to bind us to the earth, Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all, Some shape of beauty moves away the pall From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon, Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon For simple sheep; and such are daffodils With the green world they live in; and clear rills That for themselves a cooling covert make 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake, Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms: And such too is the grandeur of the dooms We have imagined for the mighty dead; All lovely tales that we have heard or read:

Ar endless fountain of immortal drink, Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.





CONTRASTS.

A short June night, now brightening fast to dawn;
A house with doors and windows open wide;
A silent sick-room, where a dying man
Lies prostrate in his youth and manhood's pride.

A bird's sweet carol, entering glad and shrill,
A bird that sings of Hope, when Hope has fled;
And the sound smites the watcher with a thrill
Of agony—as if some voice had said:

"Weep on—and watch! but I shall sing as sweet Among the roses—though thy dear ones die; And all the world shall pass with careless feet, Although thy heart be broken utterly!"

O little bird! how tuneful was that lay,
That fell so bitterly on mourner's ears;
Yet it was summer—and what tongue will say;
"'Twere well if Nature too could share our tears!"





THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

A. LAIGHTON.

Thy love, dear heart, till closed thy lengthened years,
Illumed my being with its tender flame.
It was no flickering light that went and came,
Constant it shone through varying hopes and fears,
Undimmed by sorrow and unquenched by tears.
Though it hath vanished from the earth away,
And left a deeper shadow on the day,
Death does not hide it; for, as one who peers
Into the dark, bewildered, and descries
A guiding lamp within the casement set,
Knowing it homeward leads his weary feet,
So I, with yearning heart and wistful eyes,
As in a vision wonderful and sweet,
Beyond the grave behold it shining yet.





QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GOETHE.

What makes the time run short?

Business or busy sport.

What makes it long to you?

Hands with no work to do.

What brings debts quickly in?

Slowness to work and win.

What makes the glowing gold?

The stroke that is quick and bold.

What man stands near the throne?

The man who can hold his own.





LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

[What could be finer than the following verses penned by Lord Byron, at Malta, September 14, 1809, in the album of some otherwise forgotten beauty?]

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.





ALBUM VERSES.

VARIOUS AUTHORS.



SOLEMN murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travelers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

FROM BAILEY'S FESTUS.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.

It is much less what we do, Than what we think, which fits us for the future.

> All aspiration is a toil; But inspiration cometh from above, And is no labor.

Respect is what we owe; love what we give, And men would mostly rather give than pay.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He lives most Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

The drying up a single tear has more Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

-Byron.

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
ButError, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

-Bryant.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

"Woman!" With that word Life's dearest hopes and memories come, Truth, beauty, love, in her adored, And earth's lost paradise restored, In the green bower of home.

Beware the bowl! though rich and bright Its rubies flash upon the sight, An adder coils its depth beneath, Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death. A smile of hope from those we love.

May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears,
Be as the music of the spheres;
The pressure of a gentle hand,
Worth all that glitters in the land;
O! trifles are not what they seem,
But fortune's voice and star supreme.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

—Tom Moore.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

-J. Shirley.

I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more.

-Sir R. Lovelace.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,

No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,

And lovers in the young.

—R. B. Sheridan.

Reader, attend, -- whether thy soul Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit; Know prudent, cautious self-control Is wisdom's root.

-R. Burns.

I can not give what men call love; But wilt thou accept not The worship the heart lifts above, And the heavens reject not,-The desire of the moth for the star. Of the night for the morrow, The devotion to something afar From the sphere of our sorrow?

-P. B. Shelley

Better trust all and be deceived, And weep that trust and that deceiving, Than doubt one heart that if believed Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth; Better be cheated to the last Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

-Frances Anne Kemble

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, that moves To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

-W. C. Bryant.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song.

-C. Kingsley.

Ever your friend
Till time shall end:— \
Throughout this world of joy and sorrow,
Your smile may make,
For your dear sake,
More bliss than living else could borrow.

-Guessy





THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

TOM MOORE.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echod the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!



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